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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**  
R. CATON WOODVILLE AND HIS WORK } By Post, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: THE QUEEN BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE SCOTS GUARDS AT WINDSOR, NOVEMBER 27.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The result of the late silver ingot robbery may well be set down as a triumph for the police. It puts the detective, who, except in fiction, has fallen very low of late in public estimation, on his legs again. There has seldom been a more dramatic situation than that of the official with fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket (and a revolver) in the same van with the rogues he had outwitted—and the stolen silver he had undertaken to buy. A less satisfactory subject of reflection is the large number of persons who must have been cognisant of the robbery, either before or afterwards, and were ready to share in the proceeds. Just as the murder of a fellow-creature is easy work compared with the concealment of the body, so the abstraction of silver ingots is a simple operation compared with the getting rid of them. Like the victim of Eugene Aram, the elements decline to hide them. No fire will melt them, no earth will hold them. Each ingot is a white elephant to its felonious possessor. No steel will cut it, no baths of acid will destroy its tell-tale trade-marks. One can well understand after such an experience every member of this silver ring forswearing any future attempt of the same description. He may not be won over by it to perfect honesty, but ingots will be henceforward "taboo" to him.

Unless they are of silver the difficulties of disposal are not so great. Nothing, of course, is so pleasant and negotiable as sovereigns, but gold metal (in whatever form) seems to find a much easier market. The great bullion robbery on the South-Eastern Railway would have remained a dead secret, and been scored as the greatest triumph of crime, but for the falling out of the thieves among themselves. The robbery was executed with transcendent skill: the gold had been placed in boxes bound with iron bars, sealed, and placed in iron safes, secured by patent locks; yet, in the transit from London to Boulogne, it had been all extracted and shot put in its stead. For eighteen months the perpetrators remained undiscovered. Wealthy as they were, when one of their confederates, Agar, was in penal servitude for another offence, they cheated him, and omitted to pay his wife and child an annuity they had agreed upon. Furious at their meanness, Agar "rounded" upon them and disclosed everything: "how they became acquainted, what part each of them played, how the wax impressions were produced from whence they made false keys, and how the plunder was divided." The scene in court was most sensational. The other thieves had been officials on the railway—Burgess the guard of the train, Pierce a ticket-printer, and Tester a clerk in the traffic office. The gold was kept in Agar's house, where a furnace was set up. They took the stones from the floor and replaced them with fire-bricks; one of them was produced in court with particles of gold about it from the running over of the melting-pot. Before this a hundred ounces of gold had been cut off one of the bars and sold at £3 an ounce; but the cutting seems to have been a difficult job. The unsold gold was buried under the front steps of Pierce's house. Unlike these silver ingots, I do not remember that any of it found its way back to the rightful owners.

Except bars and ingots, which demand a furnace for their dissolution, all the precious metal that is stolen finds its way into the melting-pot. These rogues have no *penchant* for crests or decorations of any kind; their tastes are of the simplest. They have no respect for association, or they would have surely spared the silver plate in Windsor Castle. This robbery was supposed to have been committed with the connivance of some person in the employment of the Inspector-General of Palaces; but some years afterwards the royal nursery plate was stolen by some very inferior performers. It was being conveyed in a carrier's cart to Windsor, instead of, as it ought to have been, "in a proper conveyance under the care of the yeoman of the silver pantry." It was forty years ago, however, and royal babies enough have been born with silver spoons in their mouths to make up for the deficiency. Stolen plate is generally "white soup" and past identification within twelve hours. Even gold watches generally go the same way, though the loss in value to the thief is, of course, enormous. In the great robbery at Walker's, the jewellers in Cornhill, the watches, on account of the hot chase, were thrown into the Thames, from which many of them were fished up with nets.

"What a pity it is," a social philosopher has remarked, "that everything that is nice is naughty!" The man was an epicurean, with whom it is not right to sympathise, but our medical advisers have said something very like it: "Whatever is nice is unwholesome." Of late years their discipline has been growing more and more severe: our "beer and baccy" have long been proscribed, and even in the most innocent amusements they have discovered a lurking danger. Under these circumstances it is most satisfactory, and seems so very good of them, that they see no harm in keeping our feet warm at night in cold weather. A medical journal has absolutely gone so far as to recommend the use of the bed-bottle. It seems to be under the impression that it has been denounced by some authority, like the other bottle, and has fallen out of fashion; but this is far from being the case. It is one of the few luxuries within the

reach of the poorest (though they are often unaware of the fact, as they are of so much else it behoves them to know), and is equally welcome to the millionaire. If his feet are cold (as feet of clay are like to be), no amount of eiderdowns can warm them, but only the hot bottle. And yet for how short a time have we known this blessing! Two generations ago it was a stranger to us. Then we had warming-pans. I can remember how at country inns, in winter-time, the chambermaid armed herself every night with that glowing weapon, and passed it between the sheets. It left a fine smell of burning, much too hot an impression if you went to bed early, and none at all if you retired late. Still, its intentions were excellent, and there was something pleasant in its employment—a demonstration of hospitality and a desire to make us comfortable that one misses now in one's welcome at an inn. In process of time, as civilisation progressed, it struck somebody that something smaller than a salamander might be used as a foot-warmer. An empty bottle was filled with hot water and tightly corked; when this was found too hard and hot the indiarubber bottle was substituted for it, which, swathed in flannel, is the most perfect development of the invention. What seems very curious, only a few of our best hotels supply them.

How very uncomfortable even the beds of the highest personages used to be of old, though there was fuss enough about the making of them! The Earl of Arundel, Chamberlain to Henry VIII., has left the most elaborate directions for this daily ceremony. A Gentleman Usher, three yeomen, and a groom were employed for this office. "A yeoman with a dagger to search the strawe" (think of his Majesty, like Margery Daw, in the straw!) "that there be none untreuth therein, and this yeoman to caste up the bedde of downe upon that, and oon of theym to tomble over yt for the serche thereof." What a picture! "Then they to bete and tufle the sayde bedde, and they of the warderobe to delyver theym a fustyan, and then to trusse in both sheete and fustyan [a sort of blanket, one supposes] rownde about the bedde of downe." In laying the bolster the yeomen are to make a cross, and "kissynge yt where their handes were, and to sticke up the aungel about the bedde." Henry the Eighth's "aungel" must have had a trying time. It is pleasant to learn that after their labours the bed-makers were well refreshed: "a loof of brede, a pott wyth ale, a pot with wine for every man." Then the Gentleman Usher "sett the kynges sword at hys beddes heed, and a squyer for the bodye had the keypyng of the bedde with a lyght unto the time the kyng be disposed to goo to yt." There is not a word about a hot-water bottle, nor even a warming-pan.

There has been a great fire in a printing establishment, and much literature has perished in the flames. The question is, "Was it in manuscript or proof?" Such conflagrations seldom occur, but when they do nasty things are said of us poor authors. I remember a minor poet boasting that his first edition had brought him considerable profit; but it was somehow discovered that it had all been burnt, and he had insured it. If it was at his own valuation, the cynics added, he must have made a fortune. As a general rule, however, an author, no matter how highly he values his production, never dreams of insuring it. His recklessness as regards this matter is one of the many proofs he gives of his inaptitude for business. He will send his only manuscript by the post, very insecurely fastened if he fastens it himself, and "never bothers" (such is his expression) to register it, though he can do it for twopence. If he has it typewritten he never thinks of having it done in duplicate, which costs a few shillings more, and yet if it is lost he almost goes out of his mind with vexation.

The sewing-machine itself has hardly created a greater revolution than the typewriter. Other things being equal, a written manuscript has a very poor chance of acceptance with an editor compared with one that is typed. The calligraphy of some excellent writers—such as that of Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Anstey—is, indeed, quite as good, or even better, than that of the machine; but they are the exceptions. As a general rule, the worst authors are the best writers. To read through a long ill-written manuscript requires not only good eyes, but good temper; and it would astonish some of our literary aspirants if they knew how often their scrawls are returned unread. It is too much to expect of human nature that so much toil should be undertaken with such little chance of profit. The rejected contributor, without attributing it to the right cause, has a suspicion of this. After the first dozen pages he lays them the other way up, and if they are returned to him unaltered, is amazed at the wicked neglect to which he has been subjected. Sometimes he will even stick the pages together with some glutinous subject, and when they return to him still stuck he sits down in a fury and writes to the *Author*. Because he can read the manuscript himself he thinks other people can.

One wonders how many really good works have been "returned with thanks" because they were illegible, and hence have never appeared at all, or been grievously delayed in publication. The author of "Burn's Justice," which for a long time yielded an annual income, was glad to get rid of his manuscript for a trifle. If it was written in a bad hand, who can wonder at

its frequent rejection? for it is rather dull reading even in print. Collins burnt his "Odes" before his publisher's door because he wouldn't read them; but perhaps the poor man couldn't. "Robinson Crusoe" was rejected by the whole trade, and, since Defoe had, even at that time, established a reputation, it must be taken for granted that it was ill written. How different might have been the fortunes of these authors if they could have got their manuscripts typed! There is no industry that has been brought to such perfection in so short a time as typewriting. It is almost exclusively practised by women, who exhibit a far greater intelligence in deciphering bad copy than did the copying clerks of old. Indeed, I have known authors to whom, after a day or two, their own handwriting becomes inscrutable. "But," say their friends, "how, then, is this work of genius to be preserved to the human race?" "Oh," comes the cheerful reply, "it will be all right when it comes from the typewriter. *She* can read it." The lady typewriter has a heart susceptible to the softer emotions, and understands our heroes and our heroines; whereas the copying clerk, whose experience was mainly confined to law documents, used to make the most awful blunders.

Persons who are fond of discovering literary parallels will perhaps find some analogy between Mr. Walter Frith and Miss Mitford: both authors have written plays and both discoursed upon country life. Their methods, however, are a little different. "Our Village" is described by an inhabitant; every neighbour and his fathers before him are well known to the narrator; whereas "In Search of Quiet" describes the impression produced by village life upon a citizen of the world. A young barrister, a *persona grata* in social circles in London, goes down to Thorpe Green for complete rest, in order to write a law-book. He expects to be in another world—and so far he is right—but where there is nothing going on to stir the pulses, and from which the elements of romance and tragedy are banished; wherein he is quite mistaken. He finds Arcadia in that respect as well provided as Burlington Arcadia. There is no separate and sustained story, but a number of stories—the histories of those who at first sight appear to have no histories, which are developed with no little literary skill. Lodgings at the farmhouse are thus described: "This is my sitting-room—true farmhouse sitting-room of one step down, of samplers framed on the wall each side of a discoloured picture in a worm-eaten black frame, of sulphur matches, and not a bell in the house." Here our author sits and does not write his law-book, but sets down the observations he has made during the day, with occasional reflections. Here is one of them on a tiresome old woman, who is, nevertheless, made to supply us with her share of amusement: "It is a mistake to suppose that vanity is the exclusive property of the young. It's just as marked in some women at sixty as sixteen. I'll be bound one could as effectually depress Mrs. Pearce [a sexagenarian] by telling her she's not 'in face to-day,' as Miss Harcastle says, as any young girl thirsting for conquests at her first ball." "Nor is personal vanity the failing of the *beau sexe* alone. If any doubt it, let them just come with me to the club one evening and observe the tender glances at the glass as gentlemen stroll past with the evening paper, the long and loving looks as gentlemen wash their hands for dinner. I remember once, voyaging from Brindisi, how interested I used to be watching my cabin companion attentively vaseline his noble countenance all over before retiring for the night. He was a brave fellow, too—a V.C.; though, to be sure, he rather shocked me by having the V.C. painted on all his luggage, even on his hat-box. I thought he might have been brave enough not to do that."

Our author finds among the various characters at Thorpe Green, each with an idiosyncrasy as well marked as any in Pall Mall, a novelist, one Banquier, of the latest kind and bent on mischief: "a modern literary aspirant for whom the old simple British flirting isn't enough. Jaded as an actor, he demands passion, tears, remorse. He desires to take the trusting female heart and give it such a squeeze, such a wrench, that the poor soul can't breathe, and is ever after subject to fainting fits. In a word, I mistrust the modern literary affections. Ever since Goethe set the fashion, these little fellows, his spawn, think of nothing but their misalled development, at whatever cost. Poor Frederika! thou hast been the sad forerunner of many a broken heart. If only you read French, John, I might refer you *passim* to Maurice Barrès and his utterly despicable *moi*. Why, the Banquiers of this world—and how many of them there are!—look on life as merely one large field for copy, literary material. 'Give us this day our daily copy!' is almost the only prayer they are capable of." This is very metropolitan, of course; but a part of the attraction of the work is the contrast between the narrator and his environment, the clever Cockney and his pastoral neighbours. At first it strikes one that it is a book merely to dip into, though its strokes of humour will evoke many a smile; but as one "gets for'ard," and the characters unfold themselves, its interest grows apace. The closing scenes, though the end is not unhappy, are very touching. Never was a summer more full of human interest for the kindly observer than the few short months which the Londoner "In Search of Quiet" passed at Thorpe Green.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

What is all this nonsense we hear about a "slump" in plays? The horrible word "slump," which is to be added to the debased coin of our beautiful language, means, so I am informed, a sudden collapse. It is the slang of the Stock Exchange, and it has recently been applied to the world of the theatre in order to express astonishment that at the beginning of December there is a lull in theatrical excitement. What on earth is there new, strange, or wonderful about that? What experienced playgoer exists that cannot recall the same thing happening every year with persistent regularity? What careful manager is there who does not husband his resources in order to guard against the inevitable theatrical depression in December? The reason for this depression is obvious. Just before Christmas the frequenters of the cheaper places in the house are bound to be a little careful if they desire to enjoy their Christmas holiday. They cannot go to the pit or the circle and be rollicking playgoers all through December if they also intend to visit "the old folks at home," and be able to pay railway fares down to their native towns or villages. There must be a saving somewhere if the Christmas holidays are to be jolly, and the natural and consistent saving is upon pleasure. The Church has its Advent before Christmas, and the month of December is the playgoers' Advent or time for reflection and rest from pleasure.

It is the same thing with the wealthier classes. The majority of them are "booking ahead" for Christmas. The children are coming home, and must be attended to, and already good investments on their behalf have been made in the famous old Drury Lane Bank to the care of Sir Augustus Harris. There is a very excellent reason, therefore, why the rich London playgoer should hold his hand. He does not care, however wealthy he may be, to invest and spend at the same time. This is the period for "orders," and they are flying about like advertisements on Lord Mayor's Day. And to tell the truth, in this dread theatrical month the very plays have gone under that were doomed to go under. The plays that have collapsed are the plays that were only held together by powerful acting, and, as a rule, the public are far more interested in the play as a play than in the acting of it. The mere sightseer likes a good play, and scarcely knows if the acting be good or bad; but the connoisseur will allow fine scenes of good acting to blind him to the demerits or the distastefulness of a play.

I can only speak from my own experience, and have scarcely heard one person delight in "The Benefit of the Doubt" as a play, as a story, as a subject of interest. Those who were competent to judge admired, as they were bound to admire, Mr. Pinero's masterly treatment of a very disagreeable story. But the mere cleverness of a dramatist, his style, his literature, his dramatic cunning, appeal to very few indeed in an ordinary audience; for you exhaust the intellectuality of your audience in a very few representations. The higher education, so far as my experience goes, has done very little to improve the intellectual tone of a modern audience. It seems rather to have encouraged frivolity and superficiality. But the acting of Mr. Pinero's play was from first to last interesting, and the acting held it to the boards for the few months of its career. The play, as a play, was as clever as "Mrs. Tanqueray" or "Mrs. Ebbesmith," but the acting, excellent as it was, had not the sensational or personal air of either. This was a play, then, bound and destined to go over the very minute that a special audience was temporarily resting or engaged elsewhere. It did not appeal to the vast bulk of playgoers; it did not draw money save at the brilliant start, when money must follow a play by Pinero. The minority admired it; the majority cold-shouldered it; and time will show how long the gifted author of these plays can fight public opinion almost single-handed.

When Fechter was at the Lyceum he did more for the romantic drama than any man of his time, because he was a superb romantic actor, an artist of remarkable talent.

and infinitely superior as artist to the descendants of the Macready school, who were tried again and again at Drury Lane, and made Chatterton shriek in his agony of disappointment that "Shakspeare spelt bankruptcy, and Byron ruin." But neither Shakspeare nor Byron spelt ruin or bankruptcy when Henry Irving took them in hand. They flourished and succeeded just as Fechter's romantic drama succeeded, because they were the best things to be seen at the particular moment.

Again, take "Her Advocate" at the Duke of York's Theatre. Here was a play remarkable for its many moments of magnificent acting. But the public that likes a good play better than brilliant acting was no more attracted to "Her Advocate" than those who have had the opportunities of studying acting as an art, and no precedents to guide their judgment. "Her Advocate" was destined to enjoy a brief career, and why? Simply because the students of acting are soon exhausted, simply because the majority think the "play is the thing," and nothing but the play.



COLONEL H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, K.G., ATTACHED TO THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

Similarly "The Swordsman's Daughter" at the Adelphi was bound to have a brief career, and my surprise is that it lasted so long. It was an experiment, and the result is not disappointing or disheartening. The play in French or English was not a particularly good one. It had fine acting moments, but the edifice was not sufficiently strongly constructed. The French life, the duelling, the codes of honour enforced in this curious drama were foreign to English tastes, and they were thrust upon an audience to the majority of whom they were inexplicable. But of the acting of this play there can be no question. In recent Adelphi annals I doubt if such excellent art has been given to an Adelphi audience, as by Mr. William Terriss, Miss Jessie Millward, Mr. Abingdon, and their companions. For such a play as that to interest an Adelphi audience for nearly a hundred nights was no discredit to the spirited Adelphi managers. They resolved on a new departure, and probably they will yet encourage the art of acting with a far better play. I for one hope they will. But "The Swordsman's Daughter" went under at the exact time it was expected to. There was nothing strange or marvellous about it save that, intended as a stop-gap, got up and written at top speed of hurry in the heat of the summer, it lasted so long.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

Her Majesty the Queen on Nov. 27 at Windsor Castle, with the Duchess of Albany, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, who is a Colonel in her Army, and who goes out with the Ashanti Expedition, inspected about twenty non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, selected to join the mixed battalion of infantry for that service, to be commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford. The mixed battalion, now styled the "Special Service Corps," is composed of a score of men from each of ten regiments in England, to be joined by several other contingents, and the 2nd Grenadier Guards and 1st Scots Guards are the battalions at the head of the list contributing to this force. Captain L. G. Drummond, with Lieutenant Smith Neill, adjutant, was in command of the fifteen privates and the non-commissioned officers of the Scots Guards, who were paraded in the Palace Quadrangle in front of the windows of the corridor, to be seen by her Majesty and the Princesses, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Alice of Albany, and Princess Ena of Battenberg. The soldiers wore their campaigning uniforms, and the Queen graciously addressed them, expressing her confidence that they would do their duty, as they had always done, and her good wishes for their safe return home. The Scotch pipers, at their departure from Windsor, played "The Highland Laddie" and "Auld Lang Syne," and so they went to Aldershot, there to join their future comrades from other regiments.

His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G., the husband of Princess Beatrice, holds more than one honorary military appointment, but this will be the first time of his going on active service. He will not, it is understood, take any direct command, nor will he be charged with staff duties; but the chief commander of the expedition, Colonel Sir Francis Scott, will no doubt be able to find some work for his Royal Highness. His absence from her Majesty's Court and Household during several months will certainly be regretted by the Queen and Princess Beatrice.

Our sketches or views of the interior of the Gold Coast country, and of ordinary incidents of travelling in that region, may have more than usual interest upon this occasion. The places which they represent are some fifty miles to the east of the Ashanti capital. It is unlikely that King Prempeh, if he should retreat in that direction, would be pursued so far, as the troops must return to the coast in February, because of the rainy season. The events of the last Ashanti War may here be shortly recapitulated once more. King Kwofi Karikari, the "Coffee Calli" of the English newspapers at that time, being impatient lest his dominions should be cut off from the sea by the annexation of Elmina to the Cape Coast Castle colony, declared war and invaded the British Protectorate in January 1873. The expedition sent out against him, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, towards the end of that year, crossed the Prah on Jan. 20, 1874, reached the Adansi Hills on Jan. 24, fought the battle of Amoafu on Jan. 31, and entered Coomassie on Feb. 5. The Ashanti King retreated to the eastward, but on Feb. 12 sent messengers to Fomana, meeting the British officers, Captain Glover and Captain Sartorius, appointed to deal with him, and agreed to a treaty of peace. He promised to pay an indemnity of fifty thousand ounces of gold for the costs of the war, to renounce all authority over the subject chiefs of Denkeria, Assin, Adansi, and Akim, and never again to molest the Fantis or other tribes under British protection. These promises have not been kept by his successors in the Ashanti Kingdom, who were his brother, King Mensa; from 1875 to 1883, and his two nephews, successively, Kwaku or Kwako Dua II., in 1884, and the present Kwako Dua III., named also Prempeh, since 1888. The immediate cause of this war is the refusal of Prempeh to admit a British Resident at Coomassie.

Photo Knight, Newport, I.W.



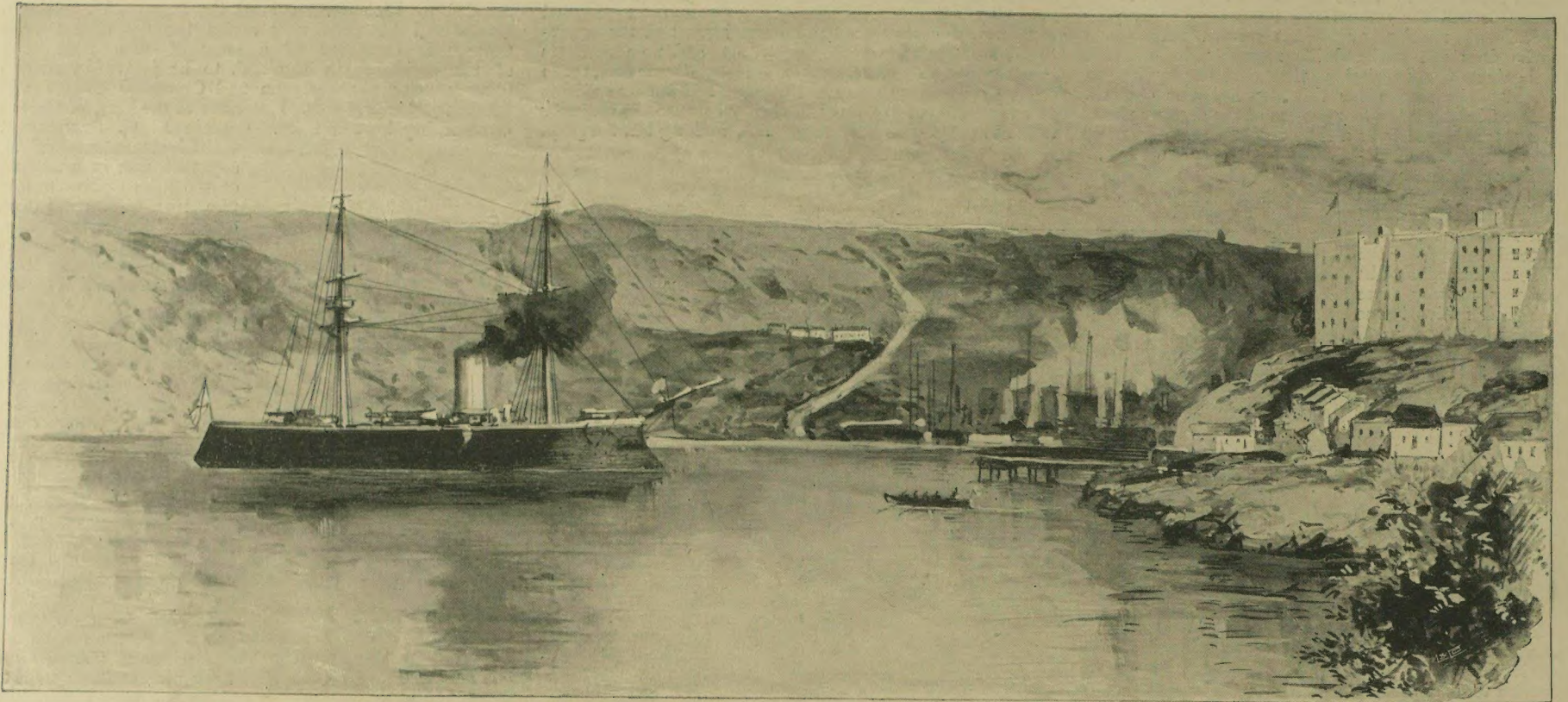
## THE DARDANELLES AND SEBASTOPOL.

Forty years ago, in 1855, that corner of the Crimean peninsula where an inlet of the south-western coast, with the small river Tchernaya flowing into it, forms a capacious harbour, on the southern shore of which stands the fortified seaport town of Sebastopol, was the scene of a

this, on the banks of the Tchernaya, were the Piedmontese from Italy, then serving under the flag of "the King of Sardinia"; and some Turkish corps were employed to harass Russian convoys on the roads north of Sebastopol. What notoriously made the task of the British army in this protracted siege extremely difficult was the distance of its position from Balaclava, a small harbour eleven miles

as well as in the Baltic. Our views of that harbour and of the Dardanelles, from sketches by Mrs. Egerton, Bury Grange, Alverstoke, will be regarded with some interest at this time.

The Dardanelles, anciently called the Hellespont, the narrow strait leading from the Ægean Sea into the Sea of Marmora or Propontis, being the maritime gateway into

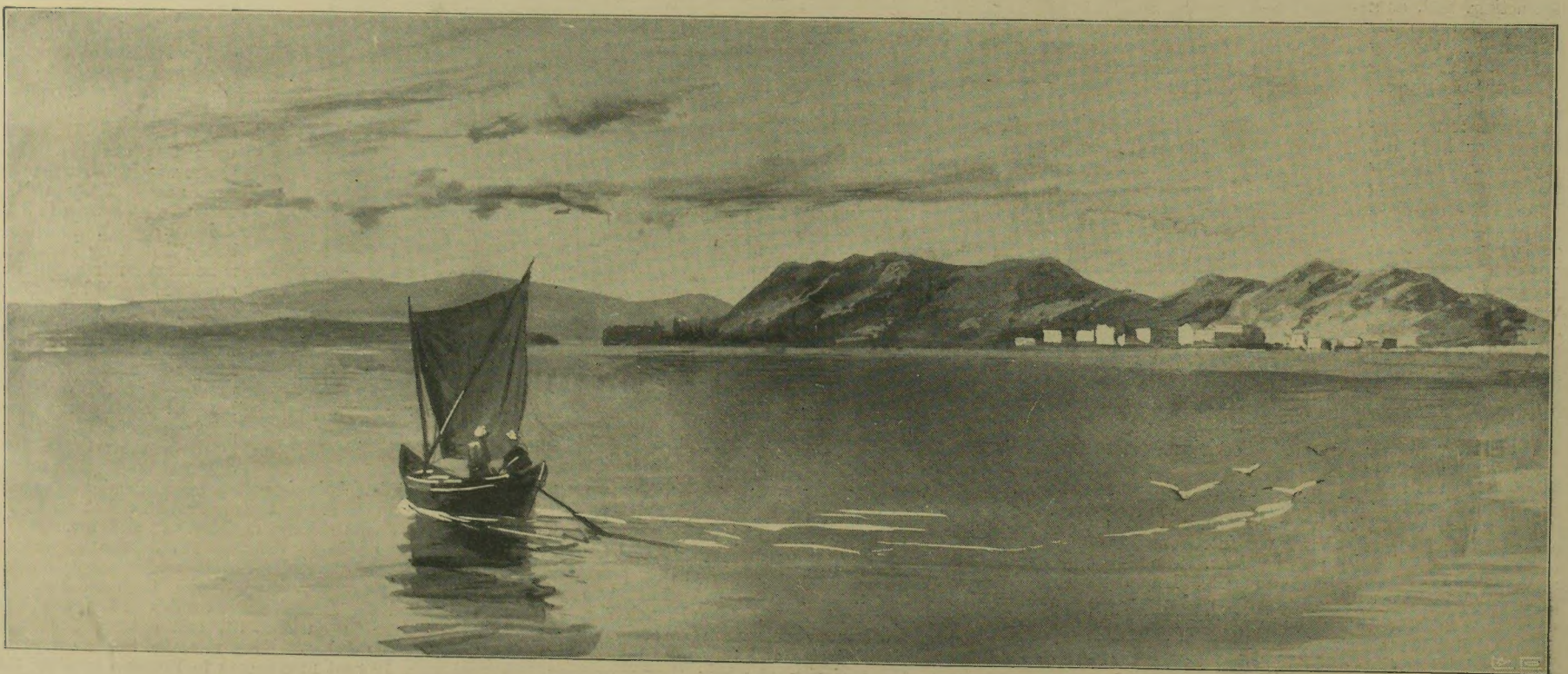


SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR, WITH THE "ADMIRAL NAKHIMOV."

tremendous military conflict, begun a twelvemonth before. More than a quarter of a million of soldiers—Russian, French, British, Italians, and Turks—were struggling daily in that deadly strife for the possession of two or three square miles of rocky ground, with ramparts, bastions, redans, and redoubts surrounding the naval docks and arsenal, the streets and dwellings and store-houses, formed along the inner harbour, then closed at its seaward entrance between Fort Nicholas and Fort Paul. Meanwhile, the northern forts, on the opposite shore, kept up their communications with the besieged town, as the Allied fleets were prevented from approaching

to the south-east, where its transports and store-ships, entirely separated from the fleet of war-ships, were obliged to unload, with no sufficient means of conveyance or road passable in wintry weather thence to the positions occupied by our troops. But the distressing experiences of the first months, about the end of 1854 and the beginning of 1855, had aroused the war administration to provide remedies for this inconvenience. Our army had also been largely reinforced, and the French, out of their superior numbers, had spared a portion to assist the British attack on the east side of Sebastopol. In September 1855, therefore, when the Redan and the Malakoff were

the Turkish Empire, closed by several international treaties against the war-ships of foreign Powers, much political importance is attached to that passage; and its geographical situation, having the European shore on one hand and that of Asia Minor on the other, has a certain air of solemnity, like that of the Bosphorus at and above Constantinople. The western shore of the Dardanelles is the narrow peninsula upon which stands the fortress of Gallipoli, where the advanced troops of the British army encamped in 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean War. Gallipoli was a Genoese settlement and fortress in the times of the Crusades, and has witnessed



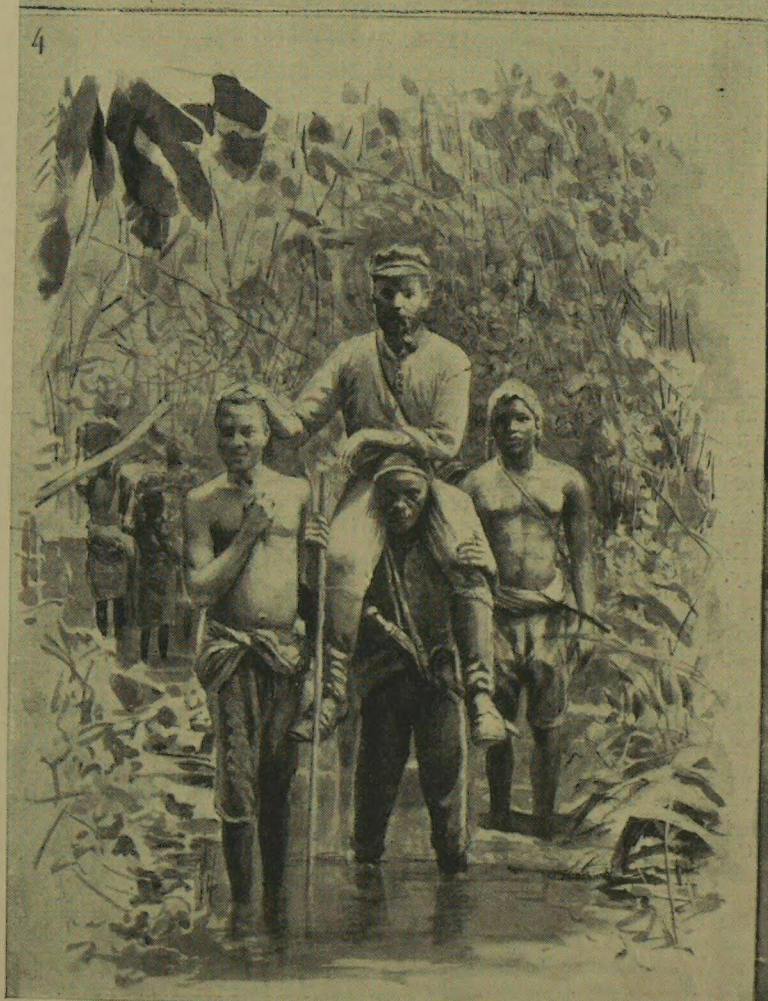
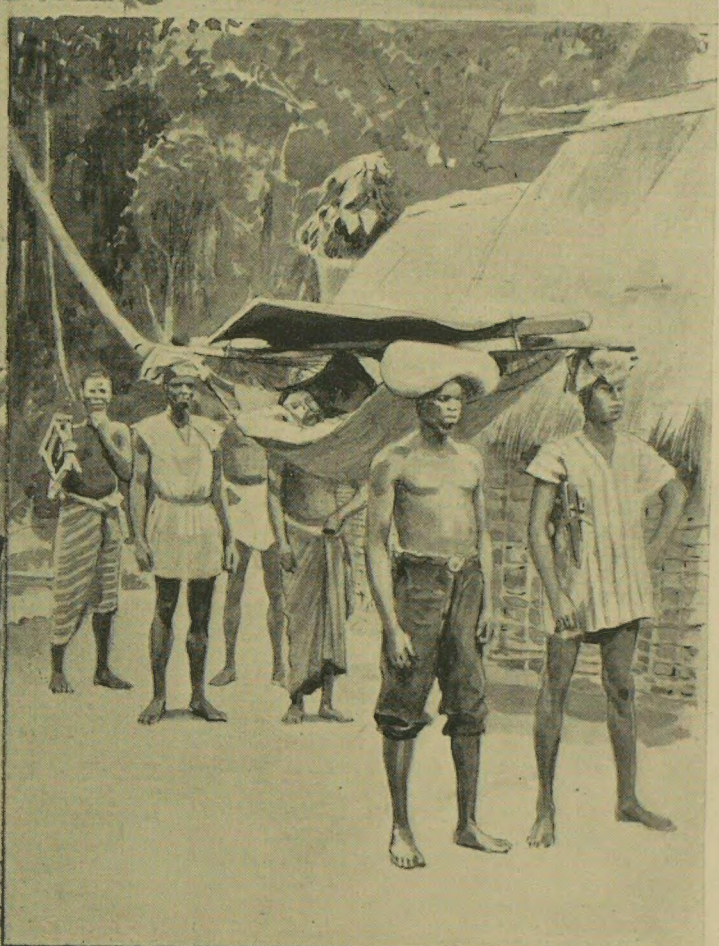
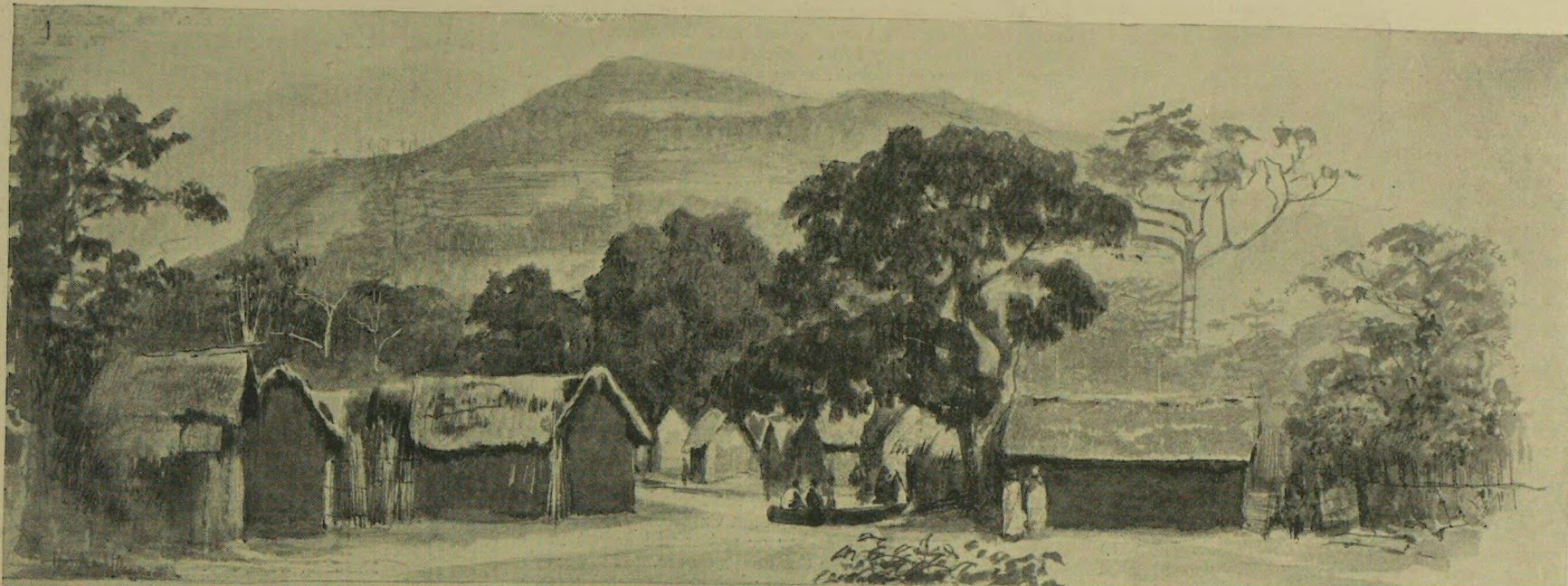
THE DARDANELLES: EARLY MORNING.

by the Russian war-ships purposely sunk in the channel between Fort Constantine and Fort Alexander. The French army was encamped on the western side of Sebastopol, nearest to the sea, as far as the Flagstaff Bastion; the British army lay along the eastern side, opposite the Great Redan, Fort Malakoff, and the Little Redan, holding the Quarries and the hollows of the bare limestone hills, with Mount Inkerman, near the head of the inlet. Beyond

captured by assault, it was evident that the Russians could no longer defend that town. They withdrew to the northern side of the inlet, having dismantled their forts, and the Allies soon afterwards, occupying the town, destroyed the naval docks and other establishments there. Since that memorable period Sebastopol has been reconstructed, and the Russian Empire has again provided itself with a considerable fleet in the Black Sea

many great historical events. Nearly seven hundred years ago these shores were passed by a fleet and army of Venetian, French, Flemish, German, Sicilian, and other Crusaders, who preferred, instead of delivering Syria and Egypt from the Saracens, to attack and plunder Constantinople, the capital of the Greek Christian Empire, which consequently fell, a century and a half later, into the possession of the Ottoman Turks.



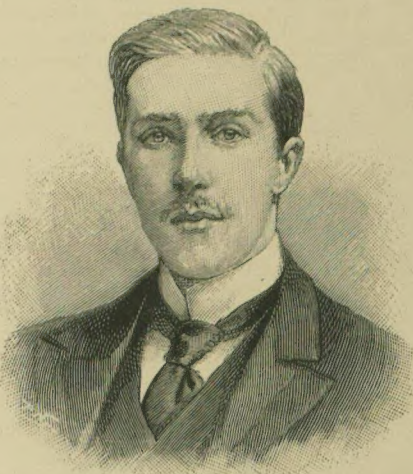


1. Kwasihu Village, at Foot of Hills near Abetifi, east of Coomassie. 2. Halt for Breakfast. 3. Mode of Travelling on the Gold Coast. 4. Water in the Path. 5. Crossing the Seni River near Attabubu.  
THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION; SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.



## PERSONAL.

At the election for South Kensington on Nov. 28 to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Sir Algernon Borthwick to the Peerage, Lord Warkworth, a future peer, in probable direct succession to his father and his grandfather, Earl Percy and the Duke of Northumberland, who are now both sitting in the House of Lords, was chosen, unopposed, to sit in the House of Commons. The Right Hon. Henry Algernon



A photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
LORD WARKWORTH, M.P.

George Percy, Lord Warkworth, was born in January 1871, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford, and is a Conservative. The Duke of Northumberland, his grandfather, at first known in public life as Lord Lovaine, son of the second Earl of Beverley, who afterwards succeeded to the dukedom of his cousin, was some time Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Lord Privy Seal from 1878 to 1880, and is still living at the age of eighty-five. His son, Earl Percy, father of Lord Warkworth, was called up to the House of Lords in 1887, and the Countess is a daughter of the Duke of Argyll. South Kensington could hardly have got a representative connected with a greater number of high peerages.

Mr. Lecky's electioneering experiences have been almost as stormy as those of another eminent historian. When Macaulay was asked his religious belief at Leeds more than sixty years ago, he denounced such an inquisition, but ended by stating, "I am a Christian." Mr. Lecky has followed the same course. He is a member of the Church of England, and he declines to give any further information about his religious opinions; but he has criticised with great bitterness the tactics of his opponents in the Dublin University election, who, by circulating extracts from his "History of Rationalism," are striving to prejudice the electors against him. It is a grave question whether such a manoeuvre does not come within the scope of Lord James's Act, which was passed last session for the purpose of making a corrupt practice any reflection on a candidate's personal character calculated to influence votes.

Mr. Justice North has given an interesting judgment on the vexed question of London noises. A firm of newspaper agents carrying on business in the dead of the night kept the neighbours in a state of irritable wakefulness. Carts raced up and down, and carters uttered the sounds congenial to the high spirits of their vocation. After fruitless efforts to abate the nuisance, certain persons sought redress in a court of law, on the ground that the noises were seriously depreciating the value of their property. Mr. Justice North gave judgment for the plaintiffs, and it is now an interesting speculation whether carts and carters can be made noiseless. Shall we have a general campaign against the noises of the night, beginning with an indictment of the Postmaster-General, whose carts make havoc of the slumbers of citizens near every district post office?

The election of Mr. W. L. Courthope to succeed Sir Francis Palgrave as Professor of Poetry at Oxford is a



Photo R. Fankner, Baker Street.  
PROFESSOR W. L. COURTHOPE.

distinction to which his literary gifts well entitle him. Mr. Courthope is perhaps best known to the public by his "Life of Pope." He continued the monumental complete edition of the works of that great writer which the Rev. Mr. Elwin had begun, and he completed it upon more sympathetic lines than his predecessor. Mr. Courthope's "Liberal Movement in English Literature" and numerous critical essays have long marked him out as one of the most judicious of modern students of our literature; and the chair which has been honourably held by Mr. Matthew Arnold, by Principal Shairp, and by Sir Francis Palgrave, will lose nothing in the hands of so interesting and thoughtful a writer.

According to newspaper paragraphs, a biography of Cardinal Manning, about to be published, will be based on papers "which, by Cardinal Manning's will, passed into the possession of his biographer expressly for the purposes of such a work." There must be some mistake here; for Cardinal Manning's will contains no such bequest or reference; and it is notorious to all his friends that he made no

arrangements in his lifetime for the publication of his private papers after his death. He was very willing to help with information any applicant who went to him in search of materials for an account of his change of religion, or any such public event of his life; and, in his never-failing kindness, he would take pains to dictate the true version of facts which might otherwise be absurdly misunderstood. But he used to say after such interviews: "I tell nothing everybody does not know"; and then he would add, if arrangements for any future official biography were hinted at: "If they want to cut me up they must wait till I am dead." Of his private papers, all of which were left to the absolute discretion of his executors—fellow Oblates of St. Charles—he had intended to destroy a good many; and only the unexpectedness with which death came to him at last prevented him from carrying that resolution into effect.

This view of Cardinal Manning's intentions is held by the majority of his friends; but it will not be accepted by the author of the forthcoming biography. This gentleman, though not an intimate at Archbishop's House, considers, it seems, that the kindness with which the Cardinal met his proposal to write a Life practically constituted him, on the event of the Cardinal's somewhat sudden death, his appointed biographer. In compliance with this belief of his the executors of the Cardinal gave him access to the papers and letters left to them unreservedly. Second thoughts brought certain regrets; and there was at one time talk of an injunction being applied for at law to restrain the biographer from making use—it was feared a perhaps injudicious use—of the materials placed in his hands. For good or ill, however, the book is now on the eve of publication; and the Roman Catholic public holds itself in suspense as to whether or not it will accept it as the accredited record of the Cardinal's career. If it does so accept it, all's well that ends well; but if it does not, strong pressure will be put on the executors of the late Cardinal by his successor and others to take the task, for which one or two of their number are eminently fitted, boldly into their own hands.

An accomplished student of ornithology, and traveller far and wide in the interest of that science, Mr. Henry Seebohm, died on Nov. 26 at Kensington, but has left to us valuable works, the "History of British Birds and their Eggs," and his two books, "Siberia in Europe" and "Siberia in Asia," with many other writings, besides collections such as few private amateur naturalists have equalled. He belonged to a



Photo Barrauds, Liverpool.  
THE LATE MR. HENRY SEEBOHM.

Yorkshire Quaker family, some other members of which have gained distinction by literary and historical labours. After carrying on business with good success as a Sheffield steel-manufacturer, he devoted most of his remaining life to his favourite researches as a naturalist, for the sake of which he visited many districts in almost every country of Europe, carefully explored, in 1875 and 1877, parts of the northern dominions of the Russian Empire, and travelled also in Africa, becoming the greatest authority upon the migration of plovers, snipe, and other birds that come to us in winter.

Miss Kingsley has returned from Africa with an interesting account of her experiences in the Gaboon country. The expedition was rather venturesome, for the natives were inclined to cannibalism; and Miss Kingsley occasionally lighted upon a larder in which cold human joint was only too conspicuous.

A distinguished Judge has been expressing his wonder at the word "booze," and this has brought an avalanche of learning on his devoted head. "Booze" is not slang, and "Come where the booze is cheaper" might be classed with the Elizabethan lyrics, for the obnoxious word is good old English, and may be found in Massinger. Mr. Justice Wright might retort that the speech of Falstaff is full of words which would now be regarded as intolerable to ears polite; but that is no answer to the antiquary.

Mr. George du Maurier must be more than content with the noise that Trilby makes in the world. She has now given her name to aprons, and two manufacturers of those useful articles have gone to law about her. One sought to restrain the other from calling his aprons Trilbys, and was doubtless much disgusted when the court decided that there could be no patent right in the name of Mr. du Maurier's heroine. So we can all Trilbify our oxen, our asses, and everything that is ours.

The personal news about the Sultan is curiously scanty considering the opportunities for gossip in Constantinople. Such news as leaks out of the Yildiz Palace represents Abdul Hamid as greatly alarmed for his personal safety. His prolonged resistance to the demand of the Powers for the admission of extra guard-ships to the Bosphorus is ascribed to his dread that the gun-boats would be used for the purpose of deposing him. All question as to the "reforms" in Armenia has now dropped out of sight, and the situation at Constantinople is simply a struggle for mastery between the personal will of the Sultan and such of the Powers as are disposed to employ coercion.

The Turkish capital is becoming insalubrious for the Pashas who venture to differ from their master. Murad Bey, one of the few Turkish officials worth their salt,

was suspected of being a "reformer." Summoned to the Palace, he gave explanations which were said to be satisfactory, but soon afterwards he took steamer for Odessa. The potentate who compels a man of independent public spirit to flee the country is the writer of that "patriotic" letter to Lord Salisbury, in which he pledged his "word of honour" to carry out the Armenian "reforms."

The newly elected M.P. for the East Toxteth division of Liverpool, Mr. Augustus Frederick Warr, is a solicitor practising in that city, a member of the firm of Batesons, Warr, and Wimshurst.

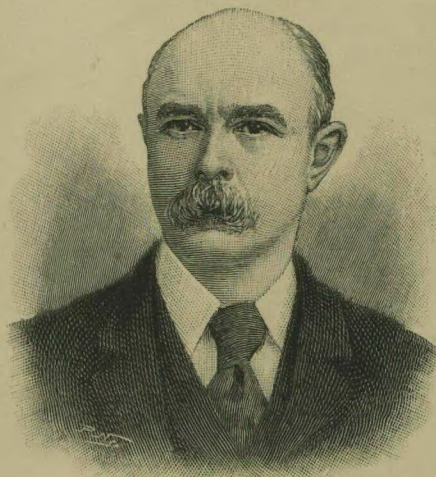


Photo Barrauds, Liverpool.  
MR. A. F. WARR, M.P.

He is forty-eight years of age, and is a son of the Rev. Canon Warr, Vicar of Childewall, Liverpool; Professor Warr, of King's College, London, is his brother, and he is also brother-in-law to Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes. Mr. Warr has been elected, as a Conservative, without opposition to the seat vacated by Baron H. de Worms, now Lord Pirbright.

The prosecution of Professor Delbrück has been abandoned. He explained to the German Minister of the Interior that he did not intend to libel the police in his philosophical article on the present policy of the Emperor in dealing with the Social Democrats. It is very pertinently asked why other writers who have been prosecuted are not allowed the same opportunity to point out the difference between honest criticism and *lèse-majesté*. A deliberate attempt is being made to suppress the Social Democratic party, but as it already numbers fifty members of the Reichstag, it is likely to be strengthened rather than weakened by the Kaiser's enterprise.

On the night of Dec. 3, the first Tuesday of Advent, the solemn annual function of singing, with every circumstance of pomp and religious splendour, Spohr's "The Last Judgment" was carefully, not to say splendidly, performed at St. Paul's Cathedral. Here, and rightly, is preserved this conscientious and religious musician's immortality. Spohr wrote for the Church, and it is the Church which has repaid his gift by giving to his reputation the subsidy of her own rarely conservative organisation. The work perhaps requires the adventitious aids of fine religious ceremonial to make it all that Spohr intended it to be; but St. Paul's grudges none of these things to its darling work. In the great open spaces, dusky with distance, the echoes of "Praise His awful name," "In this dread hour," "Blest are the departed" and many another familiar anthem and chorus rose sweet with the voices of the boys and solemn with the reverence with which the vast congregation received them. It is a great London function, and worthy of the pains which everybody in connection with it dutifully pays to it.

The Royal Society of Musicians celebrated their 157th anniversary on Friday, Nov. 19, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, when Sterndale Bennett's cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," was sung by a reasonable choir under the direction of Mr. Cummings. We cannot honestly maintain any very great affection for this work, written in a style in which the English composer was easily beaten by Mendelssohn; and after that, what more need be said? Why not give us the genuine article instead of the fluent copy? Purcell's magnificent "Jehovah" was also given at the same concert, in which the Royal Society, at all events, showed that it still retains plenty of life, despite extreme old age.

The death of Mr. Philip Caddell Peebles is the loss to a wide circle of a kind-hearted and much-valued friend.

He was well known alike in the commercial and in the sporting world. In the former capacity he was one of the largest paper makers in the kingdom, much of the commodity from his works being specially prepared for use in connection with illustrated journalism; and in the latter for many years as an owner of racehorses. Mr. Peebles died on Nov. 26, at the age of fifty-three.

We regret that by an inadvertence the portrait of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby which appeared in our last issue was attributed to Messrs. Walery instead of to Messrs. W. and D. Downey.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE LATE MR. P. C. PEEBLES.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was visited on Thursday, Nov. 28, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, who stayed until next day. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess Charlotte of Oldenburg, have been visitors to her Majesty; among other guests at the Castle have been the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and the Dean of Canterbury. On Friday evening a concert was performed by the Welsh Triorky Choir, from Pontypridd, consisting of eighty male voices, before the royal family and visitors, in St. George's Hall, at the Castle. There was a concert by the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society on Monday evening. The King of the Belgians and his daughter, Princess Clementina, visited her Majesty on Tuesday.

The Duke of Connaught on Monday inspected at Aldershot the Special Service corps or composite battalion of infantry, about two hundred strong, formed of detachments from ten different regiments, for the Ashanti Expedition, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford, to embark on Saturday at the Royal Albert Docks, North Woolwich. The steamer *Bathurst*, with Colonel Sir Francis Scott and his staff, and with Lieutenant Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, arrived last Saturday at Las Palmas, Canary Islands.

The elections for South Kensington and the Toxteth division of Liverpool have returned the Conservative candidates, Lord Warkworth and Mr. Augustus Warr, both unopposed. In the election for Dublin University, Mr. W. H. Lecky, the historian, was opposed by Mr. G. Wright, Q.C., at the nomination on Saturday; the polling began on Monday, to be open till Friday, and on Tuesday evening Mr. Lecky was 505 ahead of his opponent. Mr. John Morley delivered on Monday evening a farewell address to his former constituents at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, made a speech at a banquet of licensed victuallers at Bristol, and the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, spoke at a dinner of the Croydon Chamber of Commerce.

In Ireland the Mayors of cities and boroughs are elected on Dec. 2. Mr. M'Coy was chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin; Sir John Harley Scott, a Conservative, Mayor of Cork; and Mr. Nolan was re-elected Mayor of Limerick. Alderman Pirrie, of the ship-building firm of Harland and Wolff, is Lord Mayor of Belfast.

There are now strong hopes of a settlement of the dispute between employers and employed in the engineering and iron ship-building works at Belfast and on the Clyde. Sir James Bell, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, has proposed a joint conference of both parties, with a neutral chairman, at some town in the North of England. This has been accepted by those concerned on the Clyde, and Lord James has been invited to act as chairman.

The evidence given by Sir Alfred Milner, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, to the Royal Commission of Inquiry upon Agriculture, with regard to the burthen of taxation upon ratable property, is worthy of remark. He states that the annual value of lands is about fifty millions sterling and that of other ratable property 160 millions, but non-ratable property 226 millions. The land pays £3,366,000 in imperial taxes, including the land tax; the other ratable property pays £10,250,000; but the non-ratable property pays only £13,744,000. His calculations had nothing to do with rates or with tithes, which are burthens of a different kind upon the land.

At the London Chamber of Commerce, M. Mijatovich, the Servian Minister, gave on Monday an instructive lecture upon the commercial and productive capabilities of that country, which at present does not export anything direct to England, importing from England to the amount of only £200,000 a year; its chief trade being with Austria-Hungary. It was hoped that the railways from Constantinople and Salonica to Belgrade, having their junction at Nish, would help to develop maritime trade.

The Charity Organisation Society held a meeting on Monday, Sir Douglas Galton in the chair, to consider the need of special provision for the education of poor mentally defective or feeble-minded children, above the class of idiots or mere imbeciles, but incapable of benefiting by the ordinary instruction of Board Schools. Dr. Francis Warner, Mr. C. S. Loch, Mrs. Burgwin, General Moberley, and Mr. W. Bousfield took part in the proceedings. It was resolved that a Bill upon this subject should be drawn up and introduced into Parliament.

The trial of Mr. Jabez Balfour upon the second indictment against him, that of misappropriating from the funds of the House and Land Investment Trust Company, he being its chairman, a sum of money fraudulently added to the selling price of the Whitehall Court building property, sold to the company by Messrs. Hobbs and Co., terminated on Wednesday, Nov. 27. He was found guilty. On the next day Mr. Justice Bruce passed sentence upon all the three defendants—Mr. Jabez Balfour, Mr. George Brock, and Mr. Morell Theobald, of whom the two latter had previously, with Balfour, the chairman of the directors of the "Liberator" companies, been convicted of aiding in the fraudulent issue of false balance-sheets, especially that of the Lands Allotment Company. Balfour was sentenced in all to fourteen years' penal servitude—namely, seven years for that offence in the directorate of the Lands Allotment Company, and a further term

of seven years for his fraudulent transaction in the purchase for the House and Land Investment Trust Company. The sentence on Brock was nine months' imprisonment with hard labour, and that passed on Theobald was four months, the Judge saying that he believed they had acted under the influence of Balfour, and without deliberate intention to commit any frauds, or to profit by them; he would therefore treat them with leniency. An appeal to set aside the verdict and sentence on the second indictment against Balfour, upon the ground of an erroneous direction to the jury, may yet have to be decided; but this would affect only the latter term of penal servitude, and he has been consigned to the ordinary convict prison.

The German Imperial Diet was opened on Tuesday by Prince Hohenlohe, Chancellor of the Empire. The Emperor's Speech from the Throne was read, announcing intended legislation for the enactment of the new civil code, the better organisation of handicrafts, the repression of dishonest competition in trade, the regulation of trade in margarine and other substitutes for butter, and the recommendations of the commission of inquiry into Stock Exchange operations. The Government is studying the best means of relieving the classes engaged in the production of sugar from a loss caused by the failure of an international agreement to abolish the export bounties, and by the increased taxation on that article. Endeavours will be made to place the financial relations between the Empire and the different States of the German Federation upon a

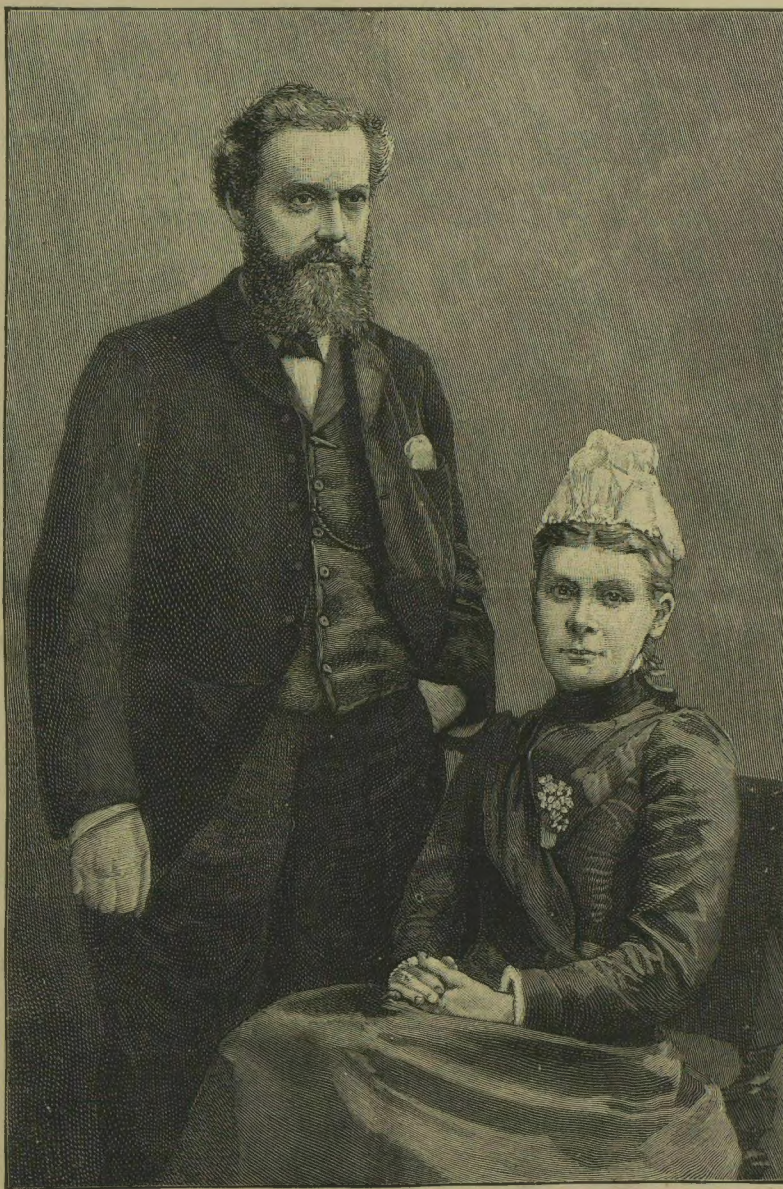


Photo G. V. Yates, Sheffield.

MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON, ENGLISH MISSIONARIES KILLED IN MADAGASCAR.

more satisfactory basis of mutual independence. Germany, preserving good and friendly relations with all foreign Powers, has exerted herself, in concert with Russia and France, to avert further threatened complications in Eastern Asia from the war between China and Japan. These efforts have been successful, thanks to the intelligent moderation of the Japanese Government. The deplorable occurrences in Turkey have also called upon Germany to co-operate with the Powers most directly interested in their unanimous resolve, while respecting treaties and supporting the Sultan's Government, to restore peace and order in his dominions.

The Sultan has not yet consented to the joint request of the six foreign Embassies at Constantinople, Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Austria, and Germany, to allow a gun-boat or armed dispatch-vessel of each of their fleets to enter the Dardanelles and pass up to the Bosphorus, for the additional protection of the Embassies and of the foreigners residing in that city. H.M.S. *Dryad*, which had gone to the Dardanelles, not having received the expected "firman" or permitting order, has returned to the British fleet at Salonica.

At Rome on Tuesday, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, a debate on the general policy of the Government resulted in a majority of 267 votes to 131 in favour of a resolution expressing confidence in the Ministry. Signor Crispi, the Prime Minister, stated that the Triple Alliance had never stood so firm as at this moment.

The American United States President, Mr. Cleveland, delivered his Message to the Congress at Washington on Tuesday. Much of its space is occupied by the monetary or currency question, silver or gold, in relation to its effects upon the finances of the Federal Government. It is stated

that within five years and a half, to this date, nearly 375 millions of dollars in gold have been withdrawn from the Treasury for hoarding or shipment. The greater part of this gold has been paid out upon the retirement of the United States notes under the order made in 1875, yet none of those notes have been cancelled, and they can be used again in future raids upon the gold reserve. They were originally given for silver purchases. Meanwhile, the Government has incurred a bonded debt to the amount of over 250 millions of dollars in establishing and endeavouring to maintain a gold reserve. President Cleveland is convinced that the only thorough practicable remedy for the present troubles is the retirement and cancellation of the "greenbacks" and of the outstanding Treasury notes issued in payment for silver purchases. The deficiency thus caused in the currency might be supplied partly by an increase of the circulation of the national banks. He touches lightly upon several foreign questions—the Behring Sea Arbitration, the Alaska boundary, the Canadian fisheries, the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, the Mosquito affair in Nicaragua, the rebellion against Spain in Cuba, and the Armenian massacres in the Turkish Empire.

## MURDER OF ENGLISH MISSIONARIES IN MADAGASCAR.

Sad news has come from Madagascar. The fears expressed as to the probability of danger to the missionaries have unhappily been realised. At the time of the attack those in the capital escaped the flying shot and shell, and actually experienced much consideration and kindness from both French and Malagasy; but since the capture of the place and the conclusion of peace foreigners in the country have had to suffer from the state of anarchy which has temporarily prevailed. For years past many marauding bands of outlaws, composed largely of runaway slaves and soldiers, have infested the western regions of the central plateau. It was probably a mob of two thousand of these which attacked the mission station of Arivonimamo, one day's journey from Antananarivo, on Nov. 22, the day of the native feast of the "fandroana," and brutally massacred and mutilated Mr. William Johnson and his devoted wife. Mr. Johnson was a native of London, and went out to Madagascar in 1871, under the auspices of the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association. The next year he married Lucy, the eldest daughter of Joseph Stickney Sewell, of Leicester, the founder of the Madagascar Mission of the Friends, whose second daughter became the wife of Mr. J. C. Thorne, the London Missionary Society's Superintendent of Education, but she died at Antananarivo a year afterwards leaving an infant who quickly followed his mother to the grave. No details of the attack have yet come to hand. The Johnsons were not likely to have provoked any disturbance by hasty and unwise action on their part. They were both singularly quiet people, and, indeed, were beloved of everyone who knew them. Mr. Johnson, who was Head Master of the Friends' High School in Antananarivo, and subsequently took charge of a group of congregations in the country, had considerable architectural ability, and drew plans for many of the mission buildings in Imerina, including that of the present hospital near the capital, which was erected at a cost of some £6000. He was always ready to render practical help when called upon; and his wife, Lucy, was a veritable Mother in Israel, going hither and thither nursing the sick and comforting the afflicted, both amongst the natives and her fellow-countrywomen, to the very best of her ability. Their loss under such distressing circumstances will be universally mourned. Associated with them was Miss Ethel Clark, daughter of H. E. Clark, of Antananarivo, who providentially escaped the massacre. It is not yet certain whether Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's child, Lucy, was killed with her parents; she was five years old. They had three older children, who are engaged in their studies in England; one is a medical student, and a daughter has recently matriculated at London University. It is believed that among the inhabitants of the civilised districts of Madagascar, there is no feeling of hatred to European missionaries.

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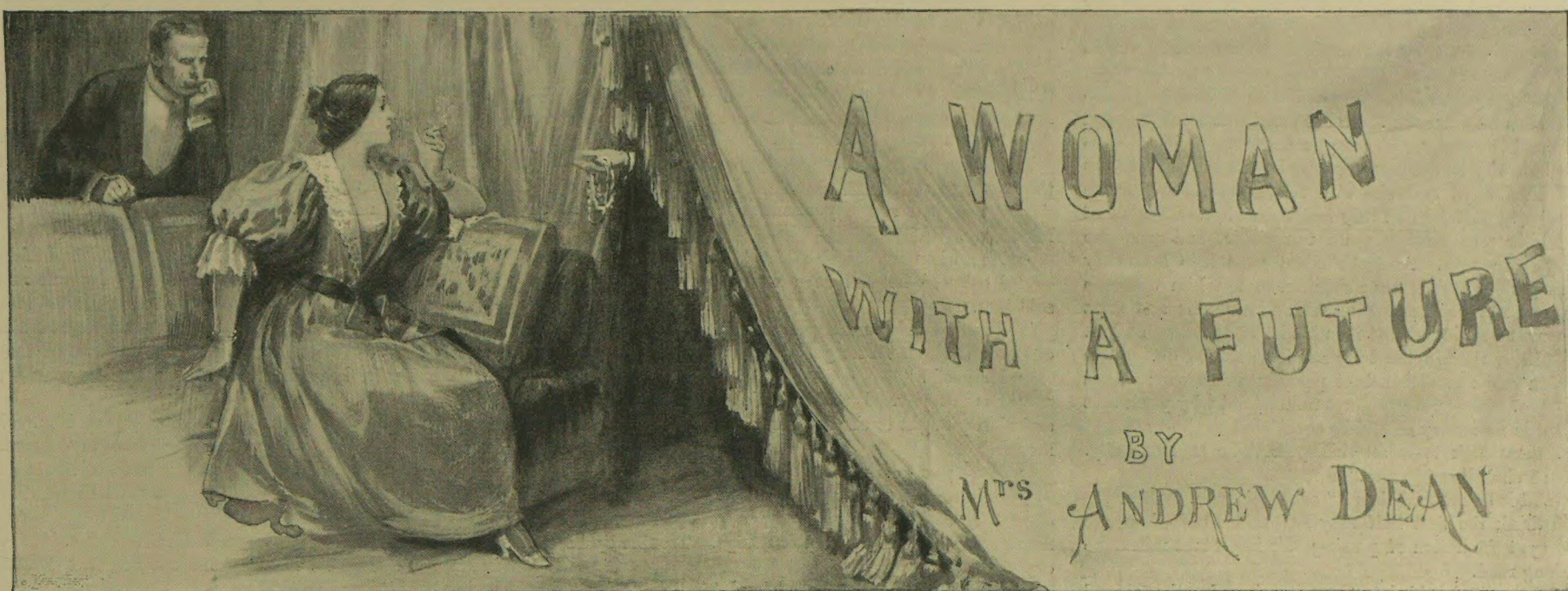




Oscar Wilson—95

IN A LONDON RESTAURANT.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER V.

It distressed Mrs. Troy to find that, as her house was not ready, her visit in Kensington Square must be prolonged. She could not help seeing that Hesperia wished her away again. She did not harmonise with Hesperia's clothes and furniture, or with Hesperia's guests. It is, of course, uncomfortable to have anyone in the house who jars on the tone you wish to set. Hesperia liked lamp-light, perfumes, striking fashions, and admiring young men. Every colour looked well against her dusky, orange-coloured chairs, when she wore it. Poppy-red, blue amethyst, white—she tried them all in turn, and wondered why her mother-in-law took the trouble to change one rusty black gown for another.

On the whole, Mrs. Troy's visit did more harm than good. It served as a voyage of discovery to both women, and at the end of it they were further from each other than before. Mrs. Troy grew uneasy about the financial affairs of the household. She felt sure that Hesperia ran up bills. If you scour London in cabs, keep your rooms filled with fresh flowers, and run from one place of amusement to another, you find naturally that money melts. Hesperia had a contempt for small economies, and a lazy constitution. She liked to have everything handsome about her, without any trouble to herself. Her servants changed like the wind and the weather. Her tradespeople, who were not paid regularly, sent their unprofitable loaves and fishes to her back door. She ordered unseasonable delicacies and extravagant supplies. About house-keeping, as Mrs. Troy understood it, she neither knew nor cared.

Mrs. Troy tried at first to think that Hesperia's ways were excellent, but she did not succeed very well. By the time she left Kensington Square she knew some facts about Philip's wife that made her most unhappy. She wondered from day to day how soon her son would know them too. She wished he might remain blind for ever, blind to his wife's bad management, blind to her flirtations. The moment that gave him sight would give him pain. Then, again, she thought it a pity he did not see, and use his authority. It is better to be angry than fooled; but it did not behave her to interfere, and that was her only comfortable thought about the matter.

Philip still looked content. After the raptures of the honeymoon he had come back ready for work, and full of agreeable anticipation. He expected his home to be pleasanter than before. He looked forward to little innovations, and to the exercise of a more elastic hospitality. He took pleasure in the new decorations, and even in the daily use of their wedding presents, to such trifles can the majestic mind of man descend. He believed his wife did everything more cleverly than other women, and when she wanted money he gave it her. Really, any woman with the roots of a conscience ought to aim at perfection when she finds out how faithfully her husband believes in her. In the sight of your parents, in the opinion of your brothers and sisters, though you be a prophet, you need never come to

honour. But you marry your sweetheart and, behold! like the King, you can do no wrong. Even when you admit your mistakes, he forgives you because your motives were not bad. It is like living in sunshine to spend your life with a man in whose eyes all you do is right.

Philip had never troubled much about money, even when he had none, and from the day he came into a thousand a year the subject seemed one that he might dismiss from his mind. His income bought him all he cared to have, and left him time for his history. He was a student by nature, and not without ambition; but as it happened, his ambition was not to rake in money or to spend it. After all, it takes various kinds to make a

world, and there seems no danger that the supply of money-spinners will fail.

But if you are a person of ordinary sense and honesty you cannot keep an easy mind about money unless your means suffice for your ways. A man need not be very businesslike to know that he ought not to nibble at a capital on which he will probably always have to depend for his income. The new year brought Philip a pile of unexpected bills, and not much money with which to pay them. He had to sell a little stock, and that he told his wife must not happen often. But Hesperia assured him that their expenses would shrink now that the new establishment was properly set going. Domestic inauguration, like any other, is costly and troublesome. Besides,



Mrs. Troy thought his head was rather too close to Hesperia's shoulder.



what was a couple of hundred pounds out of thirty thousand? Money is meant to use.

Philip tried to teach his wife better, and found her unteachable. There are women who seem to think a husband is bound by his vows to be an inexhaustible money-bag. If he stints supplies he fails in his duty. Hesperia hated the history, which had begun to absorb her husband a good deal. In her opinion it stood between Philip and his chances of a larger income. She had once asked him why he did not throw up letters and take to the Stock Exchange, and she still felt mortified when she remembered that he had only laughed at her. Besides, of late Philip was getting quite unsociable, and gave the history as a reason. At first she had gone into his study on any pretext: to borrow a shilling, to tell him that one of the canaries was quarrelling with a bullfinch; and for a long time he could not find it in his heart to frown at her. But he knew that in the long run it would not do. Some men can work amid constant petty interruptions; others hate them. Hesperia could not understand why work that brought in no money should be considered work at all.

"I must stick to it all this spring," he said one day. "Then I shall be more free."

"Will it be finished then?" asked his wife.

"I think the first half may be," said Philip, his eyes kindling at the notion of passing this important milestone on a long road.

"Well, I should let someone else do the second half," said Hesperia. "Paul Westoby gets five guineas for a bit of dialogue in an illustrated paper," she continued discontentedly. "He writes one in an afternoon. Why don't you try some of those?"

"It is different work."

"His mother writes bright little accounts of private views and weddings. Describes the cloaks and bonnets, you know."

"Do you want me to do that?"

"I think literature should be made to pay when it is a man's profession," said Hesperia.

Philip behaved too tolerantly to his wife when she talked this kind of impertinent nonsense. Of course, it vexed him, and, of course, he ought to have stopped it. But when a man has taken with all his heart to an unpopular profession he grows shy of defending it. There are so many people who think it better to be a bagman than a scholar.

Mrs. Troy did not see much of Hesperia, although their houses were not a quarter of a mile apart. She had almost given up going to Kensington Square without invitation, because at first she had sometimes arrived at the wrong moment. Once she had walked into the drawing-room just as Mr. Westoby was reading the first act of his new play. Another time she found both Mr. Westoby and Lucien Morlot, the young French decadent, there. Mrs. Troy had come to recommend a cook, and had to go away again without saying a word about her. The gentlemen drank weak tea and smoked cigarettes while Hesperia sat at the piano and sang music-hall songs to them. Mrs. Troy liked nothing in the room that day, except the weak tea. After that she tried calling before lunch, but Hesperia was never visible. She said she desired to keep the morning hours for her correspondence and for reading. Every now and then Philip suggested that his mother should be asked to dinner, and Mrs. Troy always seized these chances of seeing her son. She felt more lonely in London than she had done in the country. There her garden, her poor neighbours, and her friends had all provided her with company and occupation. In Kensington she had nothing she need do when she had told the cook what she would have for dinner. She often wondered who darned Philip's socks now. It was impossible to picture Hesperia sitting down to such a sordid task.

When people are so old that all their faculties are blunted, they grow content to do very little indeed—to doze through the day by the fire or in the sunshine in a state of comfortable, irresponsible idleness. They have come to the second holiday of life, when it is right to rest. But Mrs. Troy had not arrived at this stage of the journey, and it did not suit her to be hurried there before her time. She was quite wide awake still, and she only folded her hands in her lap because she had nothing much to do with them. One cold February afternoon she sat idly by the fire and began to count the days since she had last seen her son. For more than a week she had been kept indoors by frost and snow, and the hours hung heavier than usual on her hands. She loved reading, but her eyes were failing a little and soon felt tired. She could knit, but while you knit you think. She wrote letters to her old Devonshire friends, and a small event served to set her pen going. That very morning she had told three of them about her pipes being frozen, but when afternoon came she could think of no one else who would care to hear of it. So she sat by the fire, and worried about Philip and his affairs until a church clock near struck five. In the long tedium of such a day every meal makes an agreeable break, and no meal is so refreshing as afternoon tea. At any rate, women think so, and there are more women than men in the world, and the majority must be right.

Mrs. Troy's pretty young Devonshire maid brought the lamp and the tray, and then went to answer the front door. Hesperia walked in, and explained before she sat

down that she had not come to stay. She would not unfasten her furs.

"I promised Philip to look in," she said. "But I am going to tea at the Westobys. I'm going to meet Miss Pynes, the author of 'The Squaw.'"

Mrs. Troy had read extracts from "The Squaw," and thought that for her part she would go a good way to avoid meeting its author.

"How is Philip?" she said.

"He coughs, and doesn't sleep. A cough is a thing that wears me out in no time."

"When you cough yourself, do you mean?" asked Mrs. Troy.

"No; when anyone else does."

"I suppose he has been working very hard lately," said Mrs. Troy.

"I can't think how anyone can want to wear himself out over work that's no good."

"No good?"

"Doesn't pay. I really think a man of Philip's age and ability ought to eke out his income by making a little money."

"Have you told him so?"

"It's no use," said Hesperia discontentedly. "He doesn't see. Mr. Westoby says a pretty woman should never trouble about the cost of things. Trouble spoils the expression."

"Mr. Westoby must be a simpleton," said Mrs. Troy. "When he marries he will have to pay his butcher, and if the wife doesn't trouble about the cost of things, probably the husband does."

"In England," said Hesperia, "you seem to think it wicked to be happy."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. Troy.

"Then, why do you sit indoors all day and look glum? Why don't you make a duty of joy?"

Mrs. Troy had not been brought up to talk like this; so she poured out two cups of tea and said that she never could remember whether Hesperia took sugar. But Hesperia got up to go. She lingered a little, however, because Philip came in just then.

"Here is a note from Clavering," he said to his wife. "He sends us a box for the Lyceum next Thursday. I can't go that night. Will you go in my place, mother?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Troy a little doubtfully, and looking at Hesperia to find out whether she disliked the prospect of her company.

"I wish it was the Gaiety or Ibsen," said Hesperia discontentedly. "I like either vulgarity or genius. Shakspeare is so romantic."

Mrs. Troy glanced at her son, but his face was as inexpressive as if his wife had not spoken at all. He sat down by the fire and said—

"It is a box for four people. You can ask two of your friends to meet you there."

Hesperia still looked as if something had not pleased her, and very shortly she took leave of Mrs. Troy and Philip, and left the house.

The mother and son sat together for some time and talked of the frost and the water-famine. Then Mrs. Troy asked Philip why he did not sleep, why he coughed, why he did not see a doctor. He answered her with evasions, stared at the fire, and seemed glad to rest. Of what was really on their minds they could not speak. It does not often mend matters to tell anyone that those nearest to us make us miserable.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Troy found that Paul Westoby and his mother had been asked to fill up the box. She liked one as little as the other. Mrs. Westoby had a smooth, plump face, lively brown eyes, and an air of great self-satisfaction. She loved Movements and Meetings and Advertisement. When you went to see her you were generally asked to sign some petition, and when she came to see you she gave you the impression that the friends she met at your house were not important enough to please her. Half the world called her intellectual and brilliant; the other half thought her a bore. Philip and his mother both agreed with the other half. She wore handsome clothes and enjoyed her dinner.

To a woman of Mrs. Troy's age and upbringing a Shakspeare play is as familiar as Holy Writ, and she found it most provoking to watch one in the company of persons so superior to the performance that they constantly interrupted it by talking to each other.

"Yes. It won't do, it won't do," said Mr. Westoby, when the curtain fell on the first act. And he closed his eyes.

"What's the matter?" inquired Hesperia.

"I don't deny that he had ideas. I never did. But consider. In three hundred years our work will be out of date. It is not a thought I can bear to entertain for long. But in a despondent mood it rises. Sometimes I ask myself will this play that I am writing now attract crowds to see it three hundred years hence? If I thought it would not I should fling it into the fire."

"Very little of what is written to-day will live for three hundred years," said Mrs. Troy unexpectedly.

Mr. Westoby looked as if he thought it rather impertinent of anyone so antiquated to have an opinion on such a point, or, at any rate, to express it in the hearing of the youthful.

"There is Mr. Cassel," cried Mrs. Westoby in a flutter,

"down in the stalls, second row. He sees us. He is getting up. Perhaps he is coming in here."

Hesperia had taken up her glasses and said that she saw Mr. Cassel. When she put them down she looked pleased and a little eager. Paul Westoby looked fretful and did not speak.

A minute or two later a short, strongly built, dark-haired man came into the box. He had bright, keen eyes, a heavy moustache, and a cast of face which Mrs. Troy considered "foreign," and which was really Jewish. Paul Westoby gave up his chair to the newcomer, and went outside for a smoke. Mrs. Westoby tried to engage Mr. Cassel in conversation; but as soon as he decently could he turned from her to Hesperia, who had shifted her chair to the back of the box, a little away from the two older women. Mrs. Westoby, who never lost a chance of giving information, began to whisper about him to Mrs. Troy.

"That man has made two millions in two years," she said.

"How?" asked Mrs. Troy, glancing at him. His head, she thought, was rather too close to Hesperia's shoulder, and she wished the young woman would draw back instead of leaning towards him with the most flattering of smiles.

"Stock Exchange," whispered Mrs. Westoby. "Mostly in America. But he is not American; in fact, I believe he is a Jew."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Troy, looking at him with slight additional interest. Long ago her husband had written a pamphlet to prove that the English people are descended from the lost Ten Tribes. Her acquaintance with Jews was made through that manuscript and through the Bible. She knew none in real life.

"He is charming," said Mrs. Westoby in italics. "So open-minded."

"Oh," said Mrs. Troy again. She often found herself making this reply to Mrs. Westoby's rather expansive remarks.

When the orchestra began to tune up again Mr. Cassel rose. But before he took his leave he invited the whole party to supper at the Autolycus. The two younger women accepted with evident pleasure. Mrs. Troy said that she preferred to go straight home.

## CHAPTER VI.

Philip liked Americans. He had one friend and fifty acquaintances among them. Over and over again he had been attracted by the only American in a strange company. He had found himself with people who looked and moved and spoke like everybody else; and then one among them had said something in so dry a way and with so quaint and fresh a turn that Philip had felt drawn to him on the spot. So he hobnobbed with a good many, and could distinguish between the right kind and the wrong. He was not at all sure that he wanted to know this Mr. Cassel who, Hesperia told him, meant to call on Sunday afternoon.

"You say his parents were German, that he was born and brought up in London, and that he lives mostly in New York. What's his nationality then?"

"He is a man of the world," said Hesperia. "A European American, if you like." Philip's face lengthened.

"I like the home-grown ones," he said. "And a millionaire is usually a bore."

However, he came into the drawing-room on Sunday afternoon and made Mr. Cassel's acquaintance—that is, he stood on the hearth-rug and chatted about various things for a quarter of an hour while his mind declared itself for and against his guest. He thought him good-natured and intelligent, probably unscrupulous, and certainly not well-bred. He winced at the sound of the American twang on a Cockney tongue.

Mr. Cassel told his hosts how much he admired their drawing-room, and described a New York one, which he said was nearly as big as Kensington Square. He complimented Hesperia on her gown and her complexion. He mentioned some of the best known London plutocrats by their Christian names, and said that one or two of them had invited him to spend this week-end at their country houses. But he had been unwilling to give up the opportunity of presenting himself to Mr. Troy—of resuming his acquaintance with Mrs. Troy. He very soon invited them both to dine with him and go to the opera afterwards. Philip said "Thank you" quite amiably, but got out of it. Hesperia looked pleased by the invitation, and provoked by her husband's refusal of it.

"Will you come and dine with us?" she said to Mr. Cassel. "Let me see. Philip says he has no evening this week. The week after, then—Wednesday. How would that do?"

Mr. Cassel thought it would do very well. He had evidently not seen anything uncomplimentary to himself in his host's rather lame excuses. Hesperia understood from her husband's face and manner that he would not have given the invitation.

"We might ask the Lodgers to meet him," she said later in the day.

"Better not," said Philip.

"But the Lodgers are American."

"They wouldn't care for Mr. Cassel."

Hesperia looked annoyed.



"I think him so powerful," she said. "You cannot imagine him crushed."

"I daresay he has a good deal of rebound," admitted Philip. "Is it three times that he says he has been bankrupt?"

"At any rate, he is successful now. He is what I call a man."

He was what Philip called a bore; but he refrained from saying so to Hesperia. He knew by this time that if she had married Milton she would have considered her husband's poetry a failure, because he made so little money by it.

A day or two later Hesperia sat beside Mr. Cassel at dinner at the Westobys'. Philip was not there. On the following afternoon they met by accident in the New Gallery. They talked about the pictures, and looked at each other. Then they had tea together, and Mr. Cassel mentioned that he had just bought the Duke of Stars' yacht, and didn't like the fittings. He wished Hesperia would help him give orders for new ones. What did she think of petunia velvet for the saloon? Hesperia sighed. "I love the sea," she said.

"I like a little cruise now and then—in fine weather . . . and with a good cook on board," said Mr. Cassel. "You don't catch me roughing it."

"Why should you? I never can see the virtue of discomfort. I am sure it is much easier to be good when you have all you want."

"Oh! good!" repeated Mr. Cassel, as if he hardly knew what to do with the word he had taken on his lips. "We're good enough for the world we live in, I suppose."

Hesperia drew down her veil and put on her glove. They walked as far as Hyde Park Corner together, and then said good-bye.

"When shall I see you again?" murmured Mr. Cassel.

"You are coming to dinner to-day week," said Hesperia, with a swift upward glance.

"Are you only at home to your friends when you expect them to dinner?"

Hesperia hesitated, and felt that the shackles of marriage were heavy. If Philip found Mr. Cassel in the house before next Thursday, he would look surprised and perhaps not pleased. Nevertheless, she owned to being at home nearly every afternoon about half-past five. Philip always worked from five till eight.

She walked home with an elastic step and some inward excitement. Married or not, the first steps of the primrose path are pleasant. Of course, a woman must

have her wits about her, and not go far, unless, like the Westobys, she considers marriage a mere silly ritual, not binding on anyone holding modern ideas. Hesperia had often heard Mrs. Westoby and her friends talk about free love, and in Mrs. Westoby's drawing-room the arguments in favour of it had sounded quite convincing. But you may admire the audacity of "new" morals and yet see difficulties in the way of their practice. Philip had suggested one considerable difficulty.

"Mrs. Westoby thinks that I ought any day to be able to say to you, 'Go, I like another man better,'" she had said to her husband one evening.

Philip looked as blank as usual when Mrs. Westoby's views were explained to him.

"What should you say?" persisted Hesperia.

"I should say 'Let him come,'" answered Philip, and his tone gave Hesperia matter for reflection.

"Ah!" she said. "Scratch the gentleman and you find the savage—even at the end of the nineteenth century. Our progress is slow."

Mr. Cassel turned up on Saturday afternoon, and this time Philip did not see him. Hesperia mentioned his visit, and said that he had come in with Mrs. Westoby, which was literally true, as they had met on the doorstep. She did not tell Philip that Mrs. Westoby had gone away again in ten minutes, and that Mr. Cassel had stayed two hours. They had talked about poetry and flowers and sunsets and the higher spiritual emotions. At least, Hesperia had talked, and Mr. Cassel had admiringly looked and listened. Under such circumstances time flies.

"I know nothing about it," he said. "Are there too many?"

"Not for a millionaire," said Mrs. Troy.

The displeasure in Philip's face deepened, but he said nothing more about the flowers just then. The next moment Hesperia appeared, in a new gown the shade of young linden-leaves. Mr. Cassel followed her, and after shaking hands with his host and Mrs. Troy, he went up to a bowl of yellow roses, from which Hesperia was choosing two or three to wear.

"Lilies-of-the-valley would suit you still better," he said.

Hesperia hesitated, smiled a little, finally put back the roses, and took up some lilies instead. With deft fingers she fastened them into her very décolleté bodice. Mr. Cassel had time to nod approvingly before some other guests arrived.

If you had told Mrs. Troy that you deduced facts from glances she would have said "Fiddle-dedee." Nevertheless, she took stock of people as quickly and as shrewdly as you who were born yesterday. She even found out that her son did not like Mr. Cassel, and she must have discovered this from mere manner, for the two men hardly addressed each other in her presence. Dr. Clavering took her down to dinner.

"What splendid flowers!" he said, when they had found their seats, and in one way or the other most of Hesperia's guests said the same thing. Philip did not like it at all. There must have been hundreds of roses on the table. For people of their means the display was rather ridiculous, and he wished as little to be suspected of paying for it himself as of letting anyone else pay it for him.

"I suppose your old Devonshire friends often send you flowers?" said a rather inquisitive woman he had taken in to dinner.

"Sometimes," he answered, and she could not get anything more out of him.

"If you gave Hesperia a bunch of buttercups, she would make a poem of them," said Mrs. Westoby, who sat on his other side.

When the men were left to themselves, Paul Westoby drew nearer to Mr. Cassel. They sat a little apart from the others, and their talk was of African mines. Every now and then Philip found himself listening to them instead of to the guests at his own end of the table. Mr. Cassel spoke with fervour, and apparently with knowledge. He had been everywhere and seen everything. He knew the ins and outs of successful frauds. He had seen the muddy

beginnings of great fortunes. With a tolerant smile he told stories of what men would do for money. Paul Westoby was soon agog with curiosity and desire. When he got upstairs again he made straight for Hesperia, and said—

"Cassel knows a chap who cleared seven millions in five years. What's the good of writing plays?"

"Have you made seven millions?" asked Hesperia as she walked beside Mr. Cassel to the piano.

"Not yet; but I shall before I've done," said he.

"Are you sure?" she sighed.

"Quite sure. What is life without money?"

As she sang she echoed the question and answered it in his own spirit. That very morning a dressmaker's bill had come which she could not pay and felt afraid to show Philip. The narrowness of their means began to be exasperating. Seven millions! and a miserable two



*As he passed the open drawing-room door, he saw Hesperia standing in the full light with a great bowl of roses uplifted towards her bowed head.*

By Philip's wish Mrs. Troy had been asked on Thursday, and to please her son she came. She arrived early, and waited in the drawing-room by herself, and before anyone appeared she had time to observe a very extravagant display of flowers. It had been a cold, backward spring, and in Kensington High Street that morning Mrs. Troy had paid twopence apiece for daffodils. So she thought Philip must be out of his mind to allow these great bowls of roses and violets, these arums, lilac-branches, and lilies-of-the-valley. Every jar and dish was filled, as if Hesperia, with two or three children to help her, had gone into the fields and gathered them.

"My dear Philip," said Mrs. Troy, when her son came down, "who has brought the Riviera into your drawing-room?"

He looked round with a glance of surprise, and, as his mother thought, of annoyance.



hundred and fifty pounds had to last them three long months. How could people in their position make two ends meet on such a sum?

Directly Hesperia had finished her song Paul Westoby and another man came into the back drawing-room, and attached themselves to Mr. Cassel. They did not exactly talk stocks, but they hung near him and addressed him amiably when they saw a chance. Presently Hesperia returned to her other guests, and then the three men stayed behind and were soon in deep converse.

"Paul is quite bitten by Mr. Cassel," said Mrs. Westoby, watching her son. "He adores a successful man of business. I'm always prepared to hear he has gone in for money-making himself."

"A good many go in for it," said Dr. Clavering.

"Oh! anyone with brains can make money," said Mrs. Westoby.

Mr. Cassel showed signs of wishing to stay behind the others and smoke, but his host's manner was not encouraging. When he had gone, Philip thought he would change his coat and have a quiet pipe in his own den. As he passed the open drawing-room door, he saw Hesperia standing in the full light with a great bowl of roses uplifted towards her bowed head. The sight kindled his displeasure. He went in, took the flowers from her, set them down, and returned to where she stood.

"Never allow such a thing again," he said; "I won't have it."

"What do you mean?" she said artificially, but she avoided her husband's eyes.

"If you wish Mr. Cassel to come here at all, you must teach him how to behave."

"You forget," said Hesperia, with no further pretence of misunderstanding. "He thinks no more of these

got on her nerves, he wore holes in his socks that wanted mending. He showed anxiety about the weekly bills. When he put his foot down about the flowers she thought him vexatious and disagreeable. But she understood that she had better obey. Next time she asked Mr. Cassel to dinner he tried to find out whether she liked orchids, and she had to explain that she meant to content herself with sweet peas.

"But they are so common," he said. He would have called the sky common if he could have bought a bit cheap.

Hesperia looked wistfully at the opposite wall.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Hall Caine has had an experience familiar to travellers in the United States. He has been interviewed without his knowledge. It appears that Mr. Hall Caine resents this very much, and even talks of legal proceedings.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—BY LORENZO LOTTO.

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"Certainly," said Hesperia. "Either a man has brains or he has not. If he has he can use them to make money."

"It's very simple," said Dr. Clavering, and he strolled away towards Mrs. Troy.

"Philip looks ill," she said to her son's old friend.

Dr. Clavering thought Philip looked worried rather than ill, and he hardly wondered at it. He did not care about Hesperia, though he admitted that she made a fine drawing-room ornament. But he had sat close to her at dinner, and had overheard something she said to Mr. Cassel about the flowers. He could see her now listening with a bored, indifferent air to one of her women guests. She did not listen long. A minute or two went by, and then Dr. Clavering watched her make some excuse and get up. She returned to the back drawing-room, and was received with rapture by the three men there. When people's carriages were announced she came forward again and bade "Good-night."

flowers than we do of a bunch of violets. It would be bourgeois to make a fuss."

"You understand?" said Philip in a harder tone. "It is not to happen again." And with that he went off to smoke.

Hesperia felt surprised, and to some extent impressed. She had never known her husband take it on himself so roundly with her. But the time had gone by when any exercise of his authority thrilled her. In the early days of courtship she had told him that she liked a man all the better for being masterful; and Philip had laughed at her and said that in a happy marriage such as theirs would be the question of mastery could never arise. But now it had arisen, and Philip had spoken with decision, and his wife loved him none the better for it. The glamour through which she had seen her lover had long since fallen from her husband, and Hesperia's mood of sentimental submission had vanished with it. She could not make a hero of the man who had taken her close to his life, close to his everyday needs as well as to his highest humour. His cough

He has not been long enough in the American atmosphere to know that these are futile, and that the American public attaches no serious importance to interviews. Whether they are real or imaginary, they are taken as part of the day's amusement and promptly forgotten.

The increasing London School Board rate has at length roused the parish vestries and local boards, at the instance of the Kensington Vestry, to league themselves together in self-defence. At the conference held on Nov. 28, twenty-six local authorities sent delegates, representing a population of two millions and a half, and over twenty millions sterling of rateable property. It was resolved, with only one dissentient vote (from Battersea), that the expenditure of the London School Board had been unduly excessive, and had become an oppressive burthen on the ratepayers. Inquiry, either by a Royal Commission or by a Parliamentary Committee, was asked of the Government, and a deputation appointed to go to the Prime Minister.



## THE LATE COUNT TAAFE.

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and especially his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, will regret the death of one of the truest and most useful servants of the Imperial House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, Edward Taaffe, descendant of an old Irish family settled in Austria since the overthrow of King James II., and anciently holding the earldom of Carlingford under the Stuart reigns. One of his ancestors, early in the eighteenth century, an Austrian Field-Marshal and a Knight of the Golden Fleece, was created a Count of the Empire, and his successors held high offices at the Court of Vienna. The late Count Taaffe, born there in 1833, was in his youth the schoolfellow and familiar companion of the Archduke Francis Joseph, the present Emperor. He entered the Civil Service in 1852, three or four years after Francis Joseph ascended the throne. In 1863 he was appointed Governor of Salzburg, and four years later became Stadtholder of Upper Austria. He was soon afterwards admitted into the Ministry formed by Count Beust, the very able Saxon statesman whose political sagacity and dexterity achieved, in 1867 and subsequent years, the extremely difficult task of reorganising the whole complex system of government, with its sixteen separate Provincial Diets, in the heterogeneous Austrian monarchy, and of defining its peculiar relations to that of Hungary, under the sovereignty of the same person, but with a radically different Constitution and regal title. Count Taaffe then became Austrian Minister of the Interior, and was subsequently Minister of War or National Defence; but he rendered the most valuable assistance to the Emperor and to Count Beust in arranging the settlement of so many various political claims; those of Upper and Lower Austria, the old Hapsburg Duchies, the Tyrol, Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, Dalmatia, the Czech Kingdom of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Galicia (Polish), and several others. During eight years, to 1879, Count Taaffe was Governor of the Tyrol, but in August of that year he was called upon to form a new Cabinet, which held power until 1893, and whose measures, though ultimately not altogether successful, have aided the Emperor, himself a wise, prudent, and liberally inclined statesman, to uphold the dignity of the throne, while showing impartial good-will to all his subjects in every portion of the realm. It may, indeed, be said that Count Taaffe was never popular with the German Radical party, who resented both his concessions to the Slav provinces and his Conservative policy in Church affairs; but German Liberalism in Austria is the creed of a minority, taking



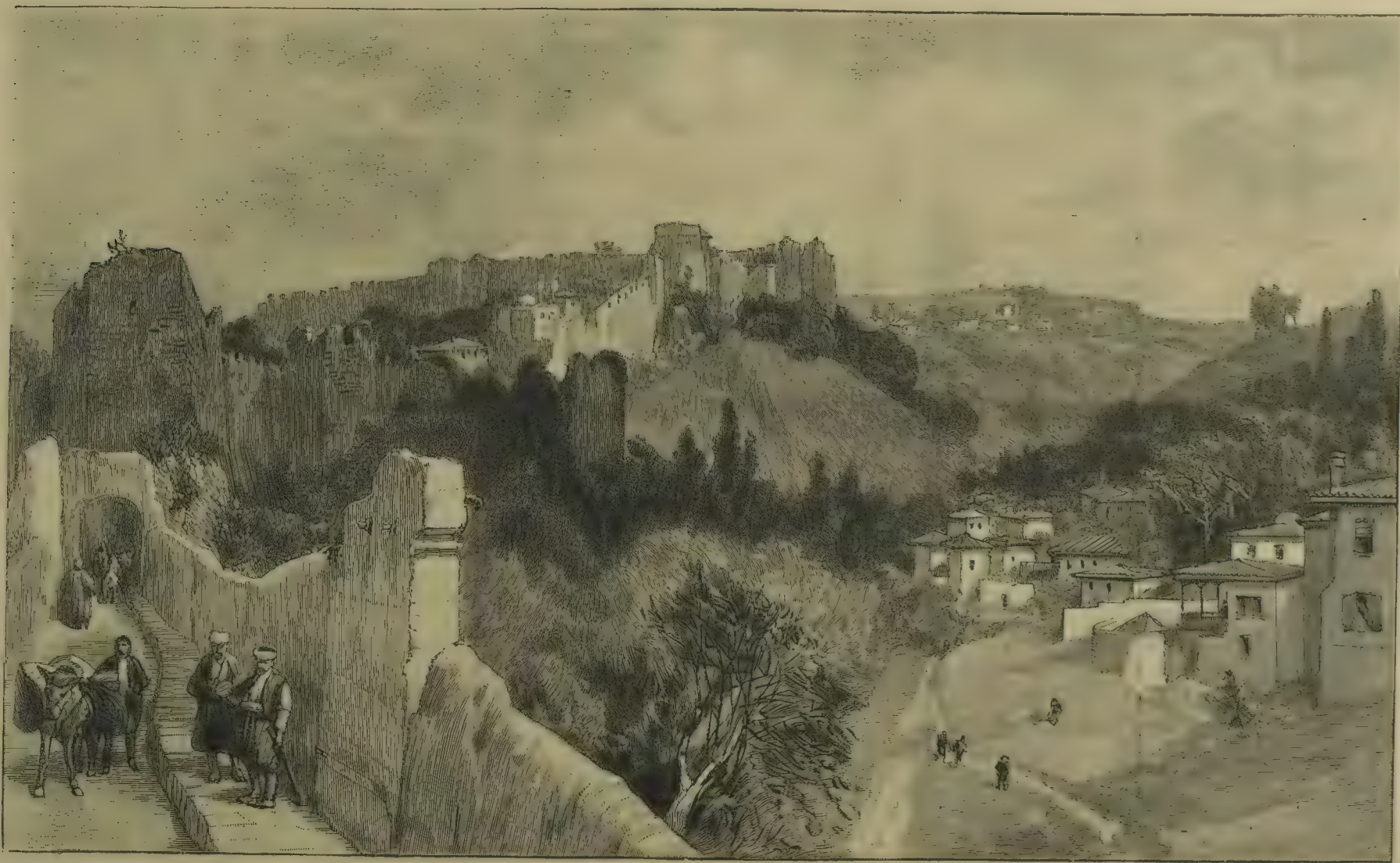
Photo Adèle, Vienna.

THE LATE COUNT TAAFE, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN STATESMAN.

that empire as a whole, there being about thirteen million other people, Bohemian, Polish, Moravian, Ruthenian, Slovak, and Slovene, to eight and a half million Germans. The efforts of the Sovereign and his Ministers to conciliate the more ardent Home Rule faction among the Czechs and the Poles have not yet proved completely effective.

## TREBIZOND.

There is but one good harbour on the southern coast of the Black Sea—that is, Batoum, which is now Russian. Trebizond and Sinope have scarcely harbours: at each of those places there is a headland that projects into the sea, and gives a protection from western winds, but they are quite open to the north and to the east. It was no doubt the rocky cliff forming the promontory that caused Trebizond to become a port of commercial traffic. This cliff was a natural citadel, and from its flat space on the top like a table the original name, Trapezus, is said to have been derived. The headland is the extension of a ridge which slopes up towards the hills, with a deep valley on the east and west; here stands the principal part of the town. The old fortifications were carried along each side of the ridge, leaving the deep valleys below to serve as fosses. Our Illustration will show, although the walls are now ruinous, how formidable originally they must have been; and Trebizond, in the old days, must have been a difficult place to attack. At one time it was the capital of Pontus Cappadocius, and in the first centuries of the Christian era was the most important town on the south of the Euxine. It has long been the principal port through which goods from Europe, including a large trade from Manchester, have passed into the eastern parts of Asia Minor, Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Persia; but the railway from Batoum to the Caspian Sea has since its construction carried away a great deal of the traffic. It is, perhaps, still the principal seaport for the Armenians, who have to come to it en route for Constantinople and Europe; large numbers of those people reside there, and are connected with mercantile transactions. Trebizond, being a very ancient place, has many interesting remains, particularly of Byzantine Christian churches. There is one now used as a masjid by the Mohammedans, still in very good condition. It has the same name as the great church of Justinian at Constantinople—Santa Sophia—and is on the outskirts of the town, close to the sea-shore, on the west side. The population of Trebizond at the present time is reckoned at forty-five thousand. It is the capital of a vilayet, or province, with nearly a million inhabitants, comprising the highland region of Lazistan, which extends along the Black Sea coast eastward to the Russian boundary. To the west, this province extends nearly to Samsoun, beyond which is the promontory of Sinope, where the Turkish fleet was suddenly attacked and destroyed by the Russians at the outbreak of the war in 1854. Erzeroum lies a hundred and fifty miles south-east of Trebizond; and further on are the Armenian provinces, around the shores of Lake Van and the head waters of the river Euphrates.



TREBIZOND: OLD WALLS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE TOWN.



## LITERATURE.

## A GENUINE HUMORIST.

*The Golden Age.* By Kenneth Grahame. (John Lane.)—Mr. Grahame has in graceful plenty that particular humour which recalls the experiences of childhood and dresses them in the fancy of mature age. The children in this book have the ideas and adventures of their years: they have a poor opinion of their elders; they are always encountering lions, bears, and pirates; they regard a grown-up person with suspicion till he enters with perfect gravity into their illusions. Mr. Grahame catches to perfection the spirit of that fantasy which enables children to live in the world of imagination and treat all the realities around them as vain shadows. What could be happier than this comprehensive philosophy, which explains the Olympians, or grown-up people?—"On the whole, the existence of these Olympians seemed to be entirely void of interests, even as their movements were confined and slow and their habits stereotyped and senseless. To anything but appearances they were blind. For them the orchard (a place elf-haunted, wonderful!) simply produced so many apples and cherries: or it didn't, when the failures of Nature were not infrequently ascribed to us. They never set foot within fir wood or hazel copse, nor dreamt of the marvels hid therein. The mysterious sources, sources of old Nile, that fed the duckpond, had no magic for them. They were unaware of Indians, nor recked they anything of bison or of pirates (with pistols!), though the whole place swarmed with such portents. They cared not about exploring for robbers' caves, nor digging for hidden treasure. Perhaps, indeed, it was one of their best qualities that they spent the greater part of their time stultily indoors." The most successful sketches in Mr. Grahame's volume illustrate this attitude of the childlike mind towards the domestic powers that be. "A White-Washed Uncle" is the delicious narrative of a misunderstood relative, who came from afar, and made a bad impression on his nephews and nieces. After his departure they agreed that he was a beast. Harold had accompanied him to the station, and returned in a state of great excitement, just as the dread sentence was passed. The production of four half-crowns caused a complete revulsion of feeling towards the injured man, who had been so hastily condemned. "He shoved these into my hand," explains Harold to the company, "in a frightened sort of way, and said, 'Look here, youngster! These are for you and the other kids. Buy what you like and make little beasts of yourselves—only don't tell the old people, mind! Now cut away home!' So I cut. 'I didn't know,' says Charlotte, 'that there were such good men anywhere in the world. I hope he'll die to-night, for then he'll go straight to heaven.' But the repentant Solina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted, for that in her haste she had called this white-souled relative 'a beast.'" So amends are made by christening the piebald pig after Uncle William. In "The Finding of the Princess," the small boy who tells the story takes a ramble up a stream, and in the course of it finds himself in a garden, which he promptly supposes to be enchanted, with a Princess and a Man. His extreme seriousness is treated by them with respectful amusement, and he is invited to the palace—"sumptuous and beautiful, just what a palace ought to be"—where he is introduced as the Captain, who has "just run down from Aldershot." "The lunch was excellent and varied. Another gentleman in beautiful clothes—a lord, presumably—lifted me into a high carved chair, and stood behind it, brooding over me like a Providence. I endeavoured to explain who I was and where I had come from, and to impress the company with my own toothbrush and Harold's tables; but either they were stupid—or is it a characteristic of Fairyland that everyone laughs at the most ordinary remarks? My friend the Man said good-naturedly: 'All right, Waterbaby; you came up the stream, and that's good enough for us.' The lord—a reserved sort of man I thought—took no share in the conversation." In these things Mr. Grahame has the most felicitous touch; there is, besides, a delicate appreciation of natural beauty, and a melody of style which in itself is a delight to any lover of harmonious prose.

## FROM MOMBASA TO WADELAI.

*The Land of the Nile Springs.* By Colonel Sir Henry Colville, K.C.M.G., C.B. Illustrated from Sketches by the Author and Major Thurston. (Edward Arnold).—Colonel Colville tells in a vigorous, straightforward way the story of his expedition from Mombasa to Wadelai. Skirting the northern fringe of Masailand, none of whose fierce warriors crossed his path, he incidentally indorses the opinion of the late Joseph Thomson as to the permanent exclusion, from climatic causes, of the white races from tropical Africa. This further supports Dr. C. H. Pearson's theory of the future occupancy of a wide central belt of the globe by dark and yellow people. Dealing mainly with the British occupation of Uganda, Sir Henry Colville writes as a soldier, and not as an explorer. His book is supplemental to that on "The British Mission to Uganda" by his chief, the late Sir Gerald Portal.

Arrived at Port Alice, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, Colonel Colville was met by news of coming trouble from Kabarega, the "King" of Unyoro, who was reputed to have 8000 riflemen and 20,000 spearmen. The Colonel could muster only 700 men with one hundred rounds of ammunition, but this sufficed. His narrative of the march to the King's capital, and of the future settlement of the country, involves the inclusion of details which are of value chiefly to military experts and future leaders of native troops through like hindrances of scrub and forest. The battle was short and sharp, ending in the King's flight and an attempted co-operation with other tribes. But the old man is described as bearing his conqueror no ill-will. On the contrary, he afterwards expressed his gratitude at being turned out of a "capital" where the settled life was irksome to his restless nature. As hinted above, the reader must not look for any account of native manners and

customs from the author. He gives one peep into current superstitions in the story of poison administered to a couple of women accused of witchcraft, one of whom succumbed under the ordeal. Of Uganda itself there is little left to tell, and little is told. For the most part a treeless country, it has the twofold curse of fever and jigger. The one kills after the fourth attack, the other bores into the skin under the toenail to make a home for its unborn offspring, with resulting torture of ulceration, sometimes of death. The book concludes with an amusing description of the declaration of the Protectorate, when the British flag could not be hoisted because of the fouling of the halyards, and when the wax could not be melted for the affixion of the seals of his Majesty of Uganda and of her Britannic Majesty's representatives. But all ended happily; even the clashing Protestants and Catholics firing off guns in token of, at least, temporary amity.

## A LOVE STORY.

*Red Rowans.* (By Mrs. F. A. Steel. Macmillan and Co.)—The mere critic would be less than human if he could repress a shudder when he discovers that Mrs. Steel has written a Scotch book. While he may come to admit before he has put the volume down that it is a very good Scotch book, and one to be read without the aid of a dictionary, nevertheless will his disappointment be keen and his enthusiasm damped. This is, at its worst, but a testament to the amazing hold which Mrs. Steel's Indian romances have taken upon the affections of her followers. That she should forsake a kingdom wherein she reigns without a rival of her sex for a country whose possession is contested by troops of militant Scotchmen is one of those strange signs of the restlessness of genius which are beyond analysis. The mischief of the matter is that Mrs. Steel has succeeded admirably in her work. Though "Red Rowans" is an unequal book, it is impossible to read it and not to pronounce it a success. There are few sweeter characters in recent fiction than Marjory Carmichael. The story itself goes swiftly, and is adorned with many of those pleasing and powerful touches which have already given its author so large a reputation. Here is a Scotch book which does not bubble over with uncouth idioms and obsolete tricks of language. Paul Macleod is a pretty figure of a man, sufficiently heroic and sufficiently dense, for that altogether comfortable station to which it has pleased his father's executors to call him. His love for Marjory Carmichael, his engagement to mere money, his vacillation, his cowardice, and his conceit, are all presented with that restraint which goes so far to help conviction. There is a large feeling for the solitude and the spell of the Highlands, a keen appreciation of all that is best in sport, and a human penetration and interest such as we look for from Mrs. Steel. The pity of it is that with so much that is good and dramatic and to be praised, the last chapters of the book should pander to that hunger for tragedy which is the dominating note of the kitchen print. We have rarely read anything more grotesque and misplaced than the fate which is here provided for Marjory Carmichael. Mrs. Steel had finished her book—and had finished it well, leaving her reader conscious of a very considerable satisfaction and pleasure. The pleasure and the satisfaction are irretrievably marred by the introduction of some out-at-heel melodrama, which suddenly, without rhyme or reason, is thrust upon us as an anti-climax. The tragedy is not by any means the outcome of the story. It is neither probable nor reasonable. It should be deleted from the very next edition of the book. And if this be done, that edition must be a large one.

## GALLOWAY IN THE COVENANT DAYS.

*The Men of the Moss-Hags.* Being a History of Adventure taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlston, in Galloway, and told over again by S. R. Crockett. (Isbister and Co.)—This story is in Mr. Crockett's right vein. The time and the place, Galloway in the Covenant days, rouse all the romance in him, and give him a chance of doing his best. The scenes and incidents have no air of painful manufacture at a study table, but were dreamed of first, we are sure, in tramps over Galloway heather. For its freshness you can forgive its formlessness; they both have a similar origin. His highest point of narrative energy was reached in "The Raiders." The story here is less well made; the group of characters rather less attractive; and there are more weak spots. Yet "The Men of the Moss-Hags" contains the best thing Mr. Crockett has ever written—the description of the Last Charge at Ayrsmoss. If ever self-doubt or carping critics torment him, it should comfort him to think how gallantly he wrote at least one brave page of Scottish history. He may give us smooth love-scenes after this, or amuse us with local humours, but we shall say with his hero, "Oh, how many quiet times would I not give for such another glorious wager of battle!" For, indeed, his genius is unmistakably a fighting one: "Over all the field there was only the whinnying of swords as they whistled through the air, and at the edges of the fray the dropping rattle of the musketry." The battle is in your very ears. The "Lion of the Covenant" is before your eyes, too, after you watch him, his arm rising and falling "as steadily as a man that flails corn in a barn," or, at his desperate end, springing on his enemies' swords "like a man that dives for swimming."

The book is not all at this level. We should like to strike out the part that tells of Corp-licht Kate and her idiot son. There is something wrong, too, with the robbing of the mail-bags. Of course, Grizzell Baillie did a feat of the kind, and Mr. Crockett has been studying that heroine of late—see his contribution to Mr. Lang's "Red True Story Book"; but Maisie, though a capable young person, was not Grizzell, and, as she might say herself, the deed does not "set" her.

So the book has its ups and downs; but whenever we remember the tales of Sanquhar, of Ayrsmoss, and of Hiding with the Heather-Cat, we shall call it excellent. And for one feature there can be nothing but praise. Mr. Crockett knows the land where his men and women come and go; the heather, the rocks, and the springs are alive at his touch.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

It is interesting to me to hear that there is to be a publishers' association as a set-off to the existing combination of booksellers on the one side, and authors on the other. Mr. Charles Longman presided over the first meeting, and a committee was formed which included members of the firms of Longmans, Murray, Macmillan, Routledge, Sampson Low, Heinemann, Bentley, Smith and Elder, and Blackwood. But what are they going to do? What will they do, for example, concerning Sir Walter Besant's suggestion in the *Nineteenth Century* that Mr. A. P. Watt, the well-known literary agent, should take his team of writers, including, Sir Walter tells us, "thirty of the most successful novelists of the day," in hand for himself, and publish the whole of them with the imprint of A. P. Watt and Son? Or assuming that this does not come off, what is to be the attitude of the new association with regard to the Literary Agent? That gentleman is the *bête noire* of Mr. Heinemann, as readers of the *Athenæum* know full well, and of Mr. Fisher Unwin. Messrs. Longmans, on the other hand, treat with one of their most popular authors, Mr. Rider Haggard, through the Agent; and so do Messrs. Macmillan in the case of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Disinterested lookers-on, the present writer included, hope to see some fun.

Meanwhile, Sir Walter Besant, in his able and temperate article in defence of the literary agent, misses one or two interesting points which I am sure that he will be obliged to me for pointing out to him. The first is the fact that at least five of the most popular and financially successful novelists of the day do not employ an agent. They are: Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. George du Maurier, and, I might add, the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who necessarily made use of a friend—not a commission agent—in this country while in Samoa. I am nearly certain that not even Sir Walter Besant or Mr. Rudyard Kipling, deservingly popular as either of them is, has made as much for serial and book rights as, let us say, Mr. Hall Caine for his next novel, or Mrs. Humphry Ward for "Sir George Tressady."

Another point occurs to me. Sir Walter Besant threatens, or at least suggests, a possible new departure in publishing in connection with the thirty successful novelists whom he names. No doubt there are fortunes to be made out of publishing successful novelists to-day! But many new writers have been largely made by the enterprise with which publishers have pushed them to the front. Mr. J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren surely owe a great deal to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; Madame Sarah Grand to Mr. Heinemann; and John Oliver Hobbes and a whole list of pseudonymous writers to Mr. Fisher Unwin. With all this the literary agent has had nothing to do.

I am told that Mr. George Smith, of Smith and Elder, has just been offered £800 for the original manuscript of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," now on exhibition at the Haworth Museum. This opens up possibilities with reference to the property of authors which might interest Sir Walter Besant. The whole copyright of "Jane Eyre" was disposed of to Smith and Elder for £500, and it would seem that, in addition to the many thousands they have made out of it, the very paper upon which the story was written is worth more than the author obtained for one of the most remarkable pieces of creative work that the century has seen.

I am surprised that so essentially literary a journal as the *Fall Mall Gazette* should join the foolish cry against uncut books. Who will dare to rob us of the joy of sitting over a fire with an ivory paper-knife and a wide-margined volume! To think of the shears at work upon those margins is to shudder. The *P.M.G.* suggests that some publisher should advertise, "No uncut books sold by this firm." But no self-respecting book-lover would touch his shabby wares.

We have all heard the story of the distinguished officer who, at the time when the Athenæum members were being taken in by the United Service, after a vain search for his umbrella, was heard to mutter, "That comes of letting those—Bishops into the club!" But I have not hitherto seen the excellent counterblast which Lady Gregory provides in the new number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to the effect that when the Athenæum members were at the United Service Club, and one of them asked for the librarian, the answer was, "Please, Sir, he is in the dining-room, carving the roast beef!"

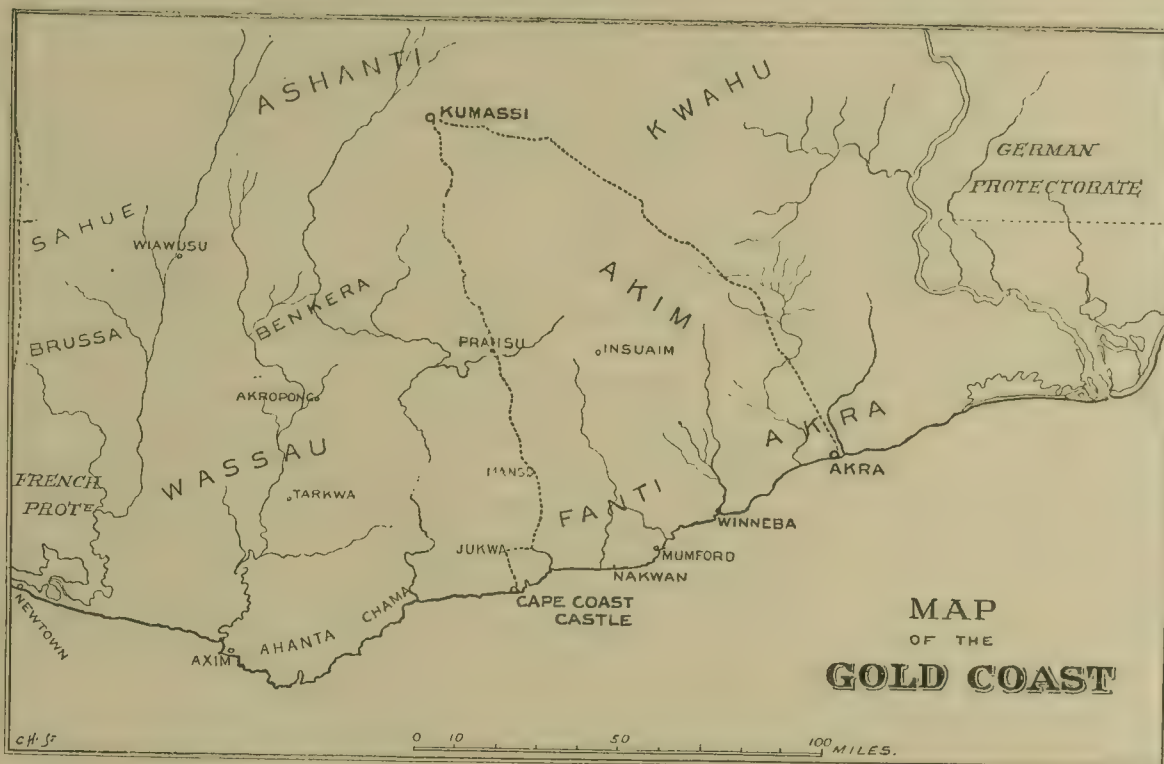
Some not too wise correspondent writes to one of the daily papers, in reference to the controversy over the relative popularity of George Eliot twenty years ago and now, to the effect that all first editions are depreciating in value. The statement is absurd. With certain authors it is more or less the case; there will always be fluctuations of the book-market as of most markets; but, speaking generally, there never was a greater craze for first editions than to-day, and one of the authors referred to by the correspondent makes a very interesting example. So far from Sir Walter Scott's first editions having deteriorated in value, the exact reverse is the case. For many years after the first-edition craze had commenced it made no impression upon the works of either Scott or Byron: you could pick up the three volumes or four volumes of separate novels of Scott in the first form of plain boards with a paper label for one shilling a volume even ten years ago. To day you would have to pay thirty-five shillings or more for them. Of course, the novels differ very much in value, because as Scott's popularity increased the issue of the first edition became larger and larger; still, the fact remains that the value of these first editions has enormously increased; and I am quite sure that if a first edition of "Waverley," in uncut form and original boards, were to be offered at Sotheby's it would fetch £100 at least.

C. K. S.

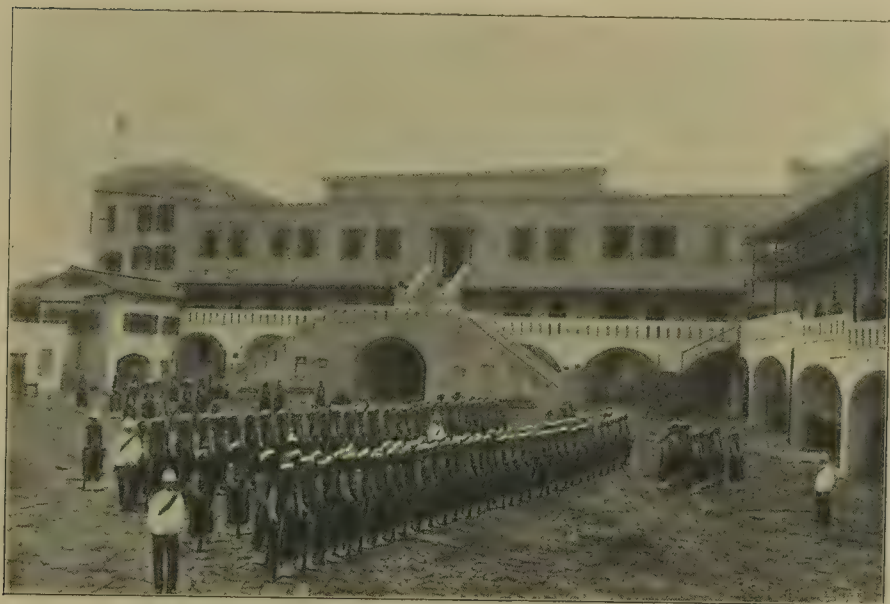


## THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION ON THE GOLD COAST.

The British part of the expedition commanded by Colonel Sir Francis Scott, K.C.M.G., C.B., accompanied by two Princes of the royal family, destined to march inland from the Gold Coast against the Ashanti King, Prempeh or Kwako-Dua III., will in a few days have embarked on its voyage to West Africa. We have enumerated the troops to be employed in this campaign, including the 2nd Battalion of the West India Regiment of negro soldiery, waiting at Cape Coast Castle; and the names of the staff officers, those on special service, and the commander, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. F. W. Stopford, of the "composite half battalion" drawn from some regiments of Guards and infantry in England, have been recorded. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Christian



covered tent shown in our Illustration—described more particularly last week—are calculated to preserve their health. It is all important, however, in this respect, that the campaign in the dense jungle beyond the river Prah should be ended in the first week of February before the setting-in of the rainy season. The march from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie (Kumassi in our map) is about one hundred and forty miles, and should be performed in three weeks. In the expedition commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley in 1874, the Ashanti capital was reached on Feb. 5, after fighting the battles of Amoafu, on Jan. 31, and Ordahsu, on Feb. 4, which involved two days' delay. The loss at Amoafu was one British officer, Major Baird, and two privates of



2ND WEST INDIA REGIMENT ON PARADE AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.



OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS OF 2ND WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, the Queen's grandson, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Queen's son-in-law, will do such work as the commander of the force shall think suitable for Princes who hold commissions in her Majesty's Army, but who have not yet had experience of actual warfare. The climate of the Gold Coast and of the interior may be considered more formidable than the arms of the Ashanti King; but the care of the Medical Department, of which Surgeon-Colonel W. Taylor and Surgeon-Major E. M. Wilson are the officers highest in authority, will do all that is possible to lessen the risk of fever and other diseases; H.M.S. *Coromandel* will be stationed in harbour to serve as a hospital ship; and some improvements in the outfit and equipment of the European officers and troops, such as the excellent double-



OFFICER'S TENT, AS USED IN THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

the 42nd Regiment killed, with twenty-one officers and 139 British soldiers wounded, besides thirty-five wounded among the native auxiliary troops. At Ordahsu, Lieutenant Eyre was killed, and six officers and about sixty of the men were wounded. Sir Garnet Wolseley's force actually engaged did not amount to more than 1800, while the number of the Ashantis was estimated at 12,000. But it is not expected that King Prempeh will be able to collect half so many warriors as those who followed the standard of his sire, Kwofi-Karikari, called by us at that time "Coffee Calcalli"; since the formerly tributary chiefs and tribes, the Inquanta, the Adansi, and the Dadiassi of Kokofu, have seceded from the Ashanti empire. The kingdom of Djuabin, to the north, with several adjacent territories, withdrew from it soon after the war of 1874.

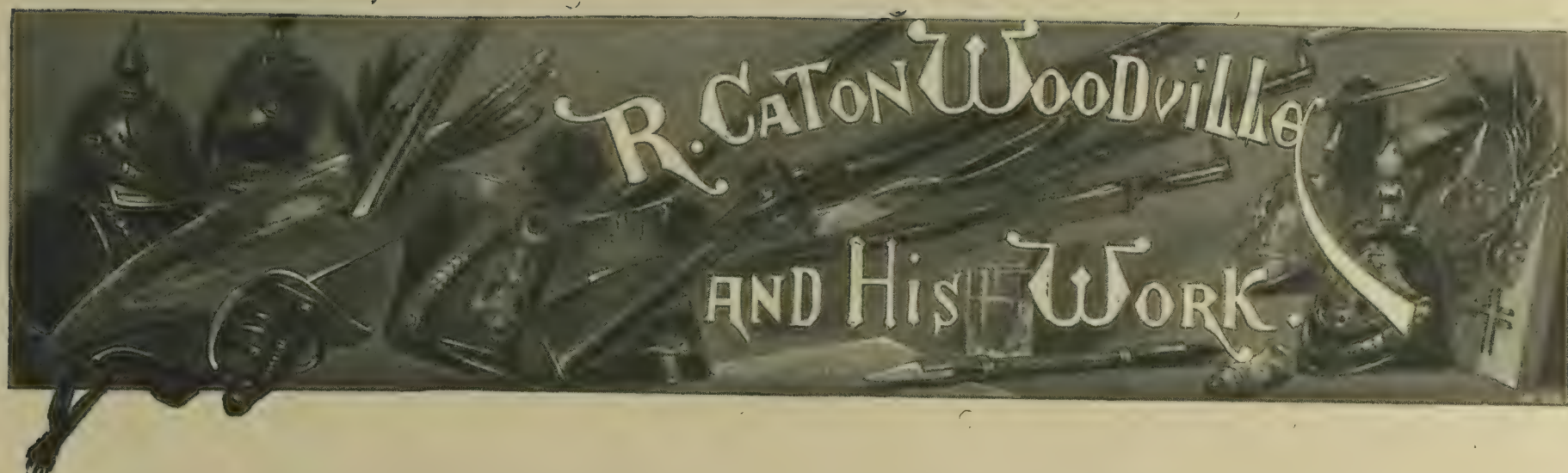
Photo A. B. Hughes, Norwood.





SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.





IT has been said, perhaps somewhat fancifully, that "every hair of R. Caton Woodville's paint-brush must have been plucked from the head of the god of war himself." Yet there is suggestive truth in the idea, for the handling of this artist's brush is so intimately associated with the drawing of the sword. No war-painter of the century has imparted more truth, realism, and dramatic action to stirring deeds than he has on canvas. It may not be uninteresting to the many who have belief in heredity to refer retrospectively to the famous picture, "The Game of Chess," painted by Caton Woodville's father, for in that *Kriegspiel* one perceives a prototype of the "Sturm und Drang" of war so frequently and so faithfully limned by his son, whose talent in portraiture

surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. Caton Woodville's bent in art is not so much due to the polemical air of St. Petersburg which he breathed as a child as to the war-spirit in art which he inhaled as a youth in the studio of Wilhelm Kamphaussen, Court Painter to the late William I., to whom he was irresistibly drawn while he was still a pupil of E. von Gebhardt in Düsseldorf—an artist of distinctively religious tendency, a disciple of Albrecht Dürer, and a master of fifteenth-century costume. With those gifts of lineage and hereditary talent, and the advantages of attrition with the freedom of Continental thought in art, together with an attractive personality—his father and mother were singularly handsome—Caton Woodville came to London in 1875-76.

Journal alone some thousands of drawings, besides his commissions to other periodicals. Among signal successes his illustrations to Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra"—so much admired by the French artists Gérôme and Benjamin Constant—and his series of sketches to "The Struggle for Freedom" in *Harper's Magazine* may be instanced. It can be said with truth that as a black-and-white artist he holds the greatest record, not excepting Meissonier and A. de Neuville, who similarly commenced their careers.

A wealth of colour fills the eye at once on entering Caton Woodville's fine studio in Queen's Gate, due to the bright Eastern carpets and hangings, to which the Mushabeer screens and old oak chests are in admirable



MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

undoubtedly descends from his mother, a pupil of Carl Sohn, of Düsseldorf.

Caton Woodville is distinctly English by right of birthplace and of parentage, in spite of his German accent, and we jealously claim him. He comes of the good old stock of the Lancashire de Wydevilles, from which Edward IV. chose his Queen, while his maternal great-grandfather, Charles Carroll of Carrolton, was the last

The first drawing submitted to *The Illustrated London News* by Caton Woodville, "A Reconnaissance Skirmish during the Servian War," was at once accepted. It is almost superfluous to say that a close friendship has connected the artist and the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News* ever since. And it is noteworthy that during the eighteen years subsequent to his first contribution, Caton Woodville must have sent in to this

harmony. But greater interest will undoubtedly be centred on his collection of fire-arms, weapons, and accoutrements picked up from historic battlefields, which are ranged in artistic disorder on the walls. Among these one may note a pennoned lance from Balaclava, another from Jena, a sabre hilted with the Gallic cock but fitted with a Russian blade, a relic of the Retreat from Moscow. Then you may notice several breastplates, shot-dented; while



helmets and shakos from the Peninsula and from Waterloo and other battlefields are grouped with Moorish weapons, Soudanese spears, Zulu assegais, and rifles of every make and period. In consonance with these touches of realism, proof engravings remind you of the war-pictures which he has exhibited at the Royal Academy or painted by command for the Queen.

Caton Woodville was just twenty-two years of age when for the first time he exhibited at the Royal Academy his fine picture "Frederick the Great on the Eve of the Battle of Louthen." The incident was culled from Carlyle's history of the period, he may tell you. Tom Taylor thought so highly of the merit of the work as to devote a column and a half of the *Times* to its criticism. With "Blenheim," composed from the journal of Dr. Hare, the Chaplain to the Duke of Marlborough, whose life Augustus Sala was writing at the time, Caton Woodville made a decisive success as a battle-painter. Leaving the period of the last century, in his next picture he brings us in touch with the excitement of "The Second Fight before Candahar," in which the 92nd Highlanders and 2nd Goorkhas, under General Macpherson, bore themselves so gallantly. Caton Woodville's next year's Academy picture was the famous "Saving the



A STUDY FOR "BADAJOS."

Caid's residence in Morocco City, representing the trial of a woman for breach of marital vows, while being guarded by a handful of soldiers, was not only much admired at the

important tour was made when he accompanied Prince Albert Victor through India; and, in spite of the distractions of daily festivities and of elephant-catching, tiger-hunting, and pig-sticking expeditions, he found time to paint two life-size equestrian portraits of the Nizam of Hyderabad and of the late Maharajah of Mysore. During the next few years he was in Paris, where his *bel esprit* found abundant appreciation in all social and artistic circles. His stay in the gay capital was, however, connected with serious study; for, besides a number of equestrian portraits, he painted his "Badajos," the fine picture which tells in wondrously pathetic fashion of Wellington's sorrow on beholding the havoc wrought among the brave fellows who had carried the assault. For accuracy in details connected with the chevaux-de-frise and other instruments of war, military engineers have awarded the artist the highest praise. This picture was purchased by Colonel North, as was also "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

In speaking of his art, Caton Woodville will declare he has no system—that the landscape portion of "Badajos" was painted first, and that the figures were afterwards put in; whilst in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" the most prominent horseman first occupied the canvas. Yet a



A STUDY FOR "RELIEF OF LUCKNOW."



A STUDY FOR "BALAKLAVA."



A STUDY FOR "RELIEF OF LUCKNOW."

Guns at Maiwand," which was bought by the Corporation of Liverpool for the Walker Gallery. "Kassassin," which followed, was painted for the Fine Art Gallery. A broken ankle prevented Caton Woodville from witnessing all the events of the Egyptian War of 1882, but he was able to gather sufficient notes to supply his friend A. de Neuville and himself for their subsequent pictures of "Tel-el-Kebir," which they painted against time, and which resulted in a "dead heat" race between them in point of production. The "Tel-el-Kebir" painted by Caton Woodville was a royal command telegraphed to him through Lord Dufferin to the seat of war, the Queen being desirous of possessing a picture of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in command of the Guards. A cognate subject was a life-size portrait of Commander Rawson, who, it may be remembered, guided the forces on their attack on Tel-el-Kebir by the stars. It was subscribed for by the Admiralty, and may be found in the gallery of Greenwich Hospital. The clang of wedding bells is the prevailing note in his next work, which represents the ceremony performed at Whippingham Church on the union of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. In painting during the same year "Too Late," a picture representing the return march of General Stewart from Metamneh, the subject of my article reverted again to a military episode in the Soudan Campaign. This picture is the property of Sir J. Blundell Maple. The Queen so greatly admired the painting that she desired to possess a replica of it; but the artist begged leave to paint an entirely different version of the scene, importing improvements, which finally resulted in the beautiful work known as "The Death of General Sir Herbert Stewart in the Desert." This was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888 before it was hung in Windsor.

One of the most interesting trips Caton Woodville made at this time was on the occasion of his accompanying Sir William Kirby Green through Morocco and across the Atlas Mountains. A rich collection of sketches was the result, while a fine water-colour of an episode in the "patio" of the

Walker Gallery in Liverpool, but it caused the critics to declare quizzically that Caton Woodville had returned to the Biblical subjects of E. von Gebhardt's studio. Another

noticeable feature in his work is that he hardly ever makes corrections: beginning at one corner of the picture, he ends at the other, diagonally opposite, so to speak.

Caton Woodville's latest work is "1815," exhibited this spring at Graves's Gallery in Pall Mall, illustrating the moment when Napoleon is ordering the advance of the Old Guard under Marshal Ney against Wellington, while the Prussians, unrecognised, are advancing on the right of his position.

After this brief glance over the shoulder to the past, one looks inquiringly to the immense canvas now on the easel. The incident there in course of representation is that stirring episode in the history of "our rough island story," the meeting of Campbell and Havelock on the occasion of the Relief of Lucknow. In an unfinished work there is chiefly suggestiveness, but there is sufficient in the painting before you to foretell the life of form and colour which will presently be revealed by the magic of the artist's genius.

At the middle-distance standpoint in a review of an artist's past career and that of his future, one is naturally inclined to compare him with his compeers. These can be counted off on the fingers of one hand—among them, in the front rank, Meissonier, for his death is so recent that his name may be written down as a contemporary artist. Speaking of that artist, Caton Woodville accords him the highest praise, describing his pictures as full of character, each possessing qualities of marked individuality—the outcome of employing models of diverse contour. Of this conscientious master Caton Woodville relates that he was so particular as to details that, in painting the march of some artillery batteries during one of Napoleon's campaigns, he had as a model a huge case filled with clay, with a superincumbent layer of salt, which, having been traversed energetically by a toy cannon, gave the artist the realism for the "road" in his picture of "1814." Of de Neuville, Caton Woodville can speak with the warmth of a long friendship, reciprocated undoubtedly by the deceased artist, who treasured up a complete collection of all Caton Woodville's reproduced work which had appeared in *The Illustrated London News*.



A STUDY FOR "1815."



De Neuville was *par excellence* an artist of the greatest dramatic force. Vigour of action was his forte, so much so that detail was treated by him almost as a bagatelle. Among the great painters of military subjects Detaille of course takes a very prominent place in the appreciation of his confrère. "Detaille's

gives greater actuality to Caton Woodville as a war-artist is his virility in the fields of sport in India, Morocco, and elsewhere. He brings practical as well as academical knowledge to bear in the direction of his brush. The war-artist has especially to depend on memory, because the subjects of his pencil are so rapid in action. It

was cleverly emphasised by Mr. Tom Taylor, who, quoting Marshal Leboeuf's report in reference to the state of the French army, remarked of Caton Woodville that he was correct "down to the last button on the gaiter." Mr. Caton Woodville deserves well of his confrères of the brush, for he craves on their behalf distinctive recognition



A STUDY FOR 'TAKING A FRENCH EAGLE BY THE ROYALS AT WATERLOO.'



A STUDY FOR "BALAKLAVA."

detail," he remarks, apologising for the pun, "is admirable, but his colour lacks sufficient force—a fault not uncommon to some French artists; and the dramatic element in his pictures wants a touch of de Neuville's dash and 'go.' Aimé Morot especially deserves notice as a depicter of war incidents, if for no other reason than that he gives exceptionally realistic expression to the speed of a horse's gallop—take his painting of 'The Charge of Rézonville' (1870), for instance." Kamphaussen—who, by the way, was a great friend of Caton Woodville's father, and also of the late Edmund Yates, who refers to him in his "Reminiscences"—is spoken of by the subject of this article as a very great artist in every sense except in his deficiency in point of colour effect.

In writing an appreciative notice of Caton Woodville's work as an artist of military subjects, it is no hyperbolism to say that the excellence of his art consists in the prudent combination of dramatic action, adequate local colour, and a love of detail which never outrages the unities of time or incident; while his power of painting any subject from the barest suggestion of a fact prompted a critic very aptly to remark, "Show Caton Woodville only the rusty spur of a Mexican hunter, and he will evolve a buffalo hunt out of it, just as Professor Owen was wont to construct a mastodon from a mere inspection of its tooth or its toe-joint." One cannot but admire his versatility in coping with the difficulties of any subject quite apart from military scenes. Indeed, he may be styled a perfect cosmopolitan in the art world.

As Caton Woodville sometimes observes, "There are two 'turning points' only that the artist should depict—namely, the moment before action and the moment of its result. The photographer's art is doubtless very interesting in fixing the intermediary motions; for instance, of a horse's legs in galloping, but the artist is not concerned with such matters. His business is to reproduce our ideas of natural action *sans* the camera's aid." Probably what

is in the faculty of artistic recollection that Caton Woodville takes premier place, and after a singular fashion too; for although he would draw a uniform without a button being short, he could not previously, off-hand, tell you the number of the buttons or the number of the straps on a particular soldier. This point

among the honours and decorations awarded by the Crown; and by his opportunities he has been enabled to lay his ideas at the foot of the throne itself. The late Prince Consort, the greatest patron of art, it is known was most desirous of special recognition being given to art, as obtains in election abroad to the Académie Française and in the

Order "Pour le Mérite"—the latter in Germany; but, as it was pointed out to Mr. Caton Woodville, no Prime Minister could be induced to entertain the idea, from the difficulty which would arise in the matter of selection. One cannot resist making the comment that, whereas our Army receives a larger number of decorations than is provided by any other country for its services, the representatives of the arts and literature have till very lately been almost entirely unrecognised and unrewarded by the State; while the honours which have been conferred are those shared by persons of an entirely heterogeneous class.

To talk with Caton Woodville is to be transported into an atmosphere of sport, war, and adventure. The relation of his experiences in Albania and the Soudan bristle with exciting, blood-curdling stories, and he unwittingly interests you by his description of his experiences. He never, however, fails to bear testimony to the devotion of his wife. Mrs. Caton Woodville, indeed, has helped her husband in many ways—her tact and common-sense having been a stay and support to him in many an emergency during his brief but singularly successful career.

It is not unworthy of notice that so young an artist—for he is two years the better side of forty—should have made such an indelible mark on contemporary illustrated journalism. By the variety and frequency of his sketches he seems to have lived to amuse and instruct the public a much longer time than is actually the fact. He undoubtedly deserves not only our admiration as one of our greatest battle-painters, but as an historian in pictorial form of the bravery which has made the English nation what it is.

T. H. L.



WELLINGTON IN THE BREACH: A STUDY FOR "BADAJOS."



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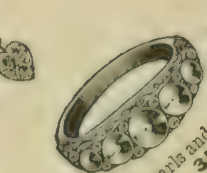
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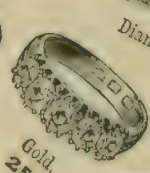
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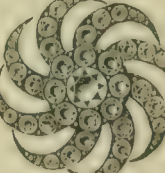
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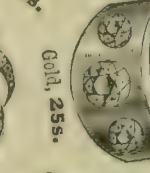
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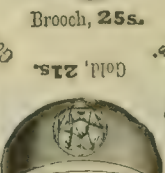
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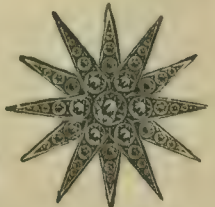
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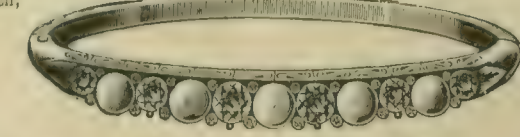
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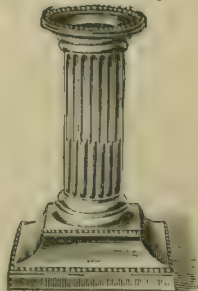
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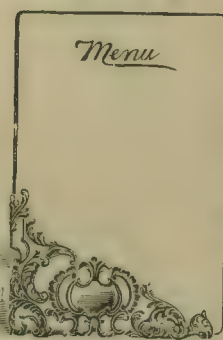
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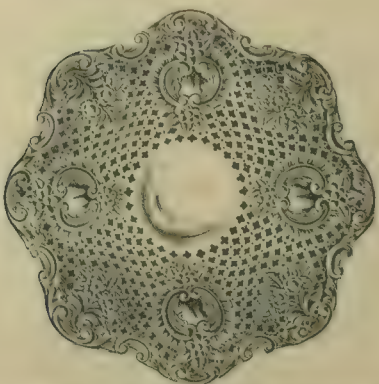
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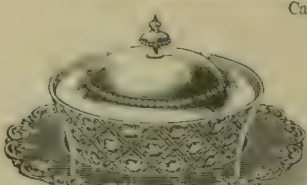


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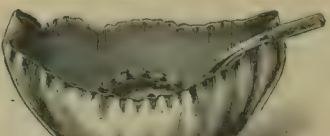
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"COME UP, YOU COWARD!"

Picture by Charles Duchêne, in the Salon des Champs Elysées, Paris.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I referred in this column some time ago to the discoveries of Dr. Dubois at Trimil, Java, of certain fossilised bones, which he maintains represent the remains of a creature transitional in nature between the human and certain ape types. To this presumed missing link, Dr. Dubois gives the name of *Pithecanthropus erectus*. The discoverer recently visited Edinburgh on the invitation of Sir W. Turner, Professor of Anatomy in the University, and gave an address on the subject. The Dutch Indian Government, it appears, had commissioned Dr. Dubois to conduct a series of searches after vertebrate fossils, and from 1890 to 1893 he laboured at this work. The special remains to which Dr. Dubois attributes a "missing link" relationship were found at Trimil, in strata resting unconformably on beds of marine and marl limestone. These beds are determined to be of Pliocene age.

The Tertiary, or latest, period of geological time is divided by geologists, according to the age of its strata (commencing with the oldest and lowest), into the Pliocene, Miocene, Pliocene, Pleistocene, and Recent epochs. The lowest Pleistocene hitherto has given us no human fossils. The middle of the Pleistocene period marks the lowest level (in time past) of the traces of humanity; therefore, one significant fact about Dr. Dubois' discovery is, that if the remains on which he lighted should be found to be in any way connected with the human type, the antiquity of man will be pushed backwards in time by how many eras and epochs of years I should be afraid even to suggest.

The remains are, of course, fragmentary; but the skull, a thigh-bone, and molar teeth belonging to what Dr. Dubois calls "a great man-like mammal," form sufficient materials for affording lively discussion among comparative anatomists. The third molar or grinding-tooth alone constitutes a very important relic, for the dental characters of man and apes are well marked. Dr. Dubois strongly suggests that the remains of his *Pithecanthropus* are all of the same age, and belong to the same individual body. He resents the criticism that they may have belonged to different organisms, and deduces his inferences from the circumstances, levels of the strata, etc., in which they were found. The weight of the thigh-bone was more than double that of the ordinary human femur of the same dimensions. It is of undoubted human type, or, at least, belonged to an animal which was accustomed to the erect posture as a natural and habitual mode of locomotion. Virchow has remarked that the straight shaft of the bone suggested the gibbon's type of thigh; this man-like ape, by the way, being found in the Eastern Archipelago. Dr. Dubois, however, claims that his fossil thigh-bone is not straight, but exhibits human characters. He is ready to admit that it may represent the characters of an anomalous type of man—just such as we might expect, indeed, in a transitional form.

As regards the skull, it is remarked that relatively to the size of the thigh, the size of the skull might be regarded as disproportionately small *quod* its human nature; but microcephalic human skulls, Dr. Dubois remarks, may be even smaller, while the body height, relatively, is greater than that of his *Pithecanthropus*. The skull-cap is considered by more than one anatomist of repute to be decidedly of human type; others leaning to the idea of its ape-like nature. This divergence of opinion among authorities, to my mind, argues very strongly in favour of its transitional nature; and in respect of the molar tooth, Dr. Dubois showed that its characters, while differing from those of man's molars, yet also illustrated the mixed characters of lower and higher life. Even Sir William Turner, whose caution in such matters is proverbial in the anatomical world, and whose characteristics in this respect might almost have constituted him a real instead of a naturalised Scotchman, admitted that the Javan skull had a double frontage—a mixture of human and ape features combined. As regards the thigh-bone, he thought there were not sufficient characters displayed to warrant the idea of its belonging to a new species of man. But if the skull be half and half in character, and the thigh-bone be regarded as part and parcel of one and the same skeleton, the argument for the transitional nature of the form is only strengthened by the idea of the thigh-bone being so human in type that a new species could not be founded upon its character.

So the matter rests at present. The discovery of Dr. Dubois, if it "mak's siccar" nothing at all, at least suggests very strongly that the idea of a transitional form between man and the apes—postulated on any theory of evolution we may chance to adopt—is not one which lies outside the possibilities of discovery or of realisation. It is not a question, this, of the derivation of man from any existing ape. It is the demonstration or suggestion of the far more remote line of descent which carries us back to the common ancestors whence the ape and human types took origin, and from which they diverged like the upper branches of a great and spreading tree.

Dr. Herbert Snow sends me a pamphlet containing a series of papers dealing with various aspects of the treatment of cancer; a topic of great public interest from the alleged hopelessness of cure once the disease has become fairly developed. Dr. Snow makes one statement which seems to me to be of vast importance. He tells us that opium exerts a strong inhibitive influence upon the growth of the cancer-elements, and retards and checks the cell-growth which is a main feature of the disease. He does not put forward opium as a panacea or cure, but as an agent which, employed judiciously in conjunction with operative interference, will tend to prevent the recurrence of the disease. Even when no surgical operation has taken place, opium, he says, is the only drug which markedly checks cancer-growth, and its early employment will usually add "years of comfortable life" to the otherwise shortened span of the sufferer's existence. Well may opium be called "Divi donum"—the gift of the gods to man.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W P HIND.—Your two-mover is correct and shall appear. The three-mover is inadmissible under the rules of construction recognised in this column.

E A PEPPI (Stoke Newington).—Your contribution shall be examined and reported upon later.

E ST. JOHN CRANE.—Your problem is sound, but just below our standard in quality. We should be glad to look at your future efforts.

J T ANDREWS, A C CHALLENGER, and R T MILFORD.—Good, and marked for insertion.

J ALLEN and J S WESLEY.—You are right: with the victor, we quite overlooked the mate on the thirty-third move.

F PROCTOR.—Diagram received with thanks.

C DAHL (Copenhagen).—Your further contribution safely to hand.

F W CRISP.—In No. 2692, after Kt to Q 3rd, Black replies with B to K sq. and there is no mate in two more moves.

N B JACKSON (Fiji).—Problems and solutions received, and have our attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2668, 2672, and 2674 received from Henry B Jackson (Fiji); of Nos. 2681 and 2685 from St. George Taylor (Argentina); of No. 2690 from Dr. A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2692 from G R (Alexandria), Evans (Port Hope, Ontario), Castle Lea, and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2693 from E F (Hoxton) and J Whittingham (Walspool); of No. 2694 from E B Poord (Cheltenham), Hermit, James Lloyd, Alfred Field (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J Whittingham (Walspool), Emile Frau (Lyons), Castle Lea, Walter Lewis (Swansea), A F Parbury (Chiddingfold), C B Hawken (Dumbarton), J D Tucker (Leeds), F J Candy, Frank R Pickering, William John Haslam (Gildersome), E C, F M Turner, J Bailey (Newark), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), F C T, and O Storgel.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2695 received from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), E E H, W R B (Clifton), G T Hughes (Athy), J F Moon, F Libby (Leamington), J A B, J S Wesley (Exeter), Walter Lewis (Swansea), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), A E McClintock, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E A Gibson (Guildford), C E Perugini, F Leete (Sudbury), James Lloyd, R H Brooks, Alpha, F Waller (Luton), H E Lee (Ipswich), William John Haslam (Gildersome), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), H Frater, Ubique, R Worters (Canterbury), Oliver Ieigling, C M O, Sorrento, H T Atterbury, E Loudon, W R B (Clifton), F van der Velde (Havre), F C Theobald (Chelmsford), Dawn, T Roberts, Shadforth, W R Raillem, L Desanges, F James (Wolverhampton), Dr F St, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W P Hind, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), and J D Tucker (Leeds).

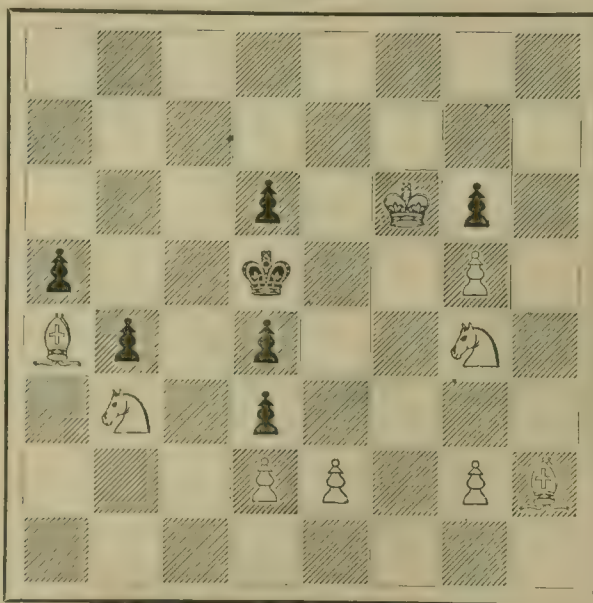
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2694.—By C. NOLTEMIUS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R sq. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2697.

By G. DAHL (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Sixth game played in the match between Messrs. LIPSCUTZ and SNOWALTER.  
(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to K B 4th	K to Kt sq
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	23. Kt to R 6th	Q to Q 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt to Q 7th	Q takes Q
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	25. Kt (at R 5th)	
5. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	takes B (ch)	P takes Kt
6. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	26. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B sq
7. R to B sq	P to Q Kt 3rd	27. B P takes Q	K R to Q sq
8. P takes P	P takes P	28. R to B sq	R to R 2nd
9. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	29. R to B 4th	B to R sq
10. Castles	P to B 4th	30. Q R to B sq	R to B 2nd
11. Q to K 2nd	R to K sq	31. P to Q R 3rd	P to B 6th
12. K R to Q sq	P to B 5th	32. P takes P	R takes B P
13. B to Kt sq		33. Kt to R 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq

The opening is on well-known lines, following pretty closely the second game of the match previously published in this column.

13. Kt to K 5th P to Q R 3rd  
14. Kt to B 3rd P to Kt 4th  
15. Q to B 3rd Kt to B sq

A highly important move in such games, for defensive purposes.

16. Kt to K 2nd Kt to K 3rd

The Knight should have remained at B sq. Now White promptly seizes the opportunity of winning a valuable Pawn.

17. B takes Kt B takes B  
18. B takes P (ch) K to B sq  
If K takes B then R to R 5th (ch), K to Kt sq; 20. Q takes B P (ch), K to R sq; 21. Q takes B, etc.

19. B to Kt sq Kt to Kt 4th  
20. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to K 5th  
21. B takes Kt P takes B

The series of checks that follow are apparently to gain time, and also to obtain a defence against a possible attack by the adverse Rooks.

36. K to B sq  
37. Kt tks P (dis ch) K to Kt sq  
38. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to B sq  
39. Kt to Kt 4 (dis ch) K to K sq  
40. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to B sq  
41. Kt to R 5 (dis ch) K to K sq  
42. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to B sq  
43. Kt to R 7 (dis ch) K to Kt sq  
44. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to B sq  
45. Kt to Q 5 (dis ch) K to Kt sq  
46. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to B sq  
47. Kt to R 5 (dis ch) K to Kt sq  
48. P to K R 4th R to R 7th  
49. R (at B sq) to B7 R takes P (ch)  
50. K to B sq Resigns.

The St. George's Chess Club have issued their programme for the season, the events including a handicap tournament among its members and matches with the principal London clubs.

The fifth amateur tournament at Craigside Hydro, Llandudno, will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 31. The programme includes (1) an open competition on level terms for the Craigside Challenge Cup, of which the present holder is Mr. E. O. Jones, with additional prizes; entry fee, £1; (2) Handicap; entry fee, 10s.; (3) Ladies' Handicap; entry fee, 10s.; (4) Championship of North Wales, challenge cup, value ten guineas, and two prizes; entry fee, 10s.

The annual match between the Metropolitan and the City of London Chess Clubs took place at the rooms of the latter on Nov. 28. There were fifty boards engaged, and forty of the games were fought out to a conclusion, with the score of 20½ to 19½ in favour of the City club. But this advantage was not maintained, as at the call of time the outstanding games were adjudicated, and eight were added to the score of the Metropolitan, and two only to the City. The final result, therefore, was 27½ to 22½ in favour of the Metropolitan club.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

By the time this appears in print the greatest dramatist of the nineteenth century will have been carried to his grave. This, however, is not the place to discuss that greatness. Justice, and, I fear me, a good deal of injustice also, will have been done everywhere by then to his work. The drift of it has been misunderstood for many, many years; I am not at all certain that the author himself did not contribute to that misunderstanding now and then by his own personality. Only those who knew Alexandre Dumas the younger most intimately are worthy in this instance of a respectful hearing, for they alone can be thoroughly aware of the high aims he had set himself.

Unfortunately for myself, I am not one of these. The boy who had often stood at the father's knee was, when he grew to manhood, almost a stranger to the equally famous son, but he prides himself on having read the former aright; and long ago he came to the conclusion that no parent of the mental calibre of Alexandre Dumas the elder, however doting, could have loved his offspring as he did love him but for an invincible knowledge of the other's goodness—as distinct from greatness. That affection, I have no hesitation in saying, was phenomenal; I have seen mothers endowed with a similar feeling of never-relaxing fondness; I have never seen but one father, and that was Alexandre Dumas the elder.

At times that affection in its manifestations must have bordered almost upon the comic. Will the reader please imagine this. A lad of six or seven lying seriously though not absolutely dangerously ill. Enters the doctor. He orders a dozen leeches to be applied. The lad refuses to submit to the physician's directions. In vain does the father, a giant who would terrify one out of one's life if one met him suddenly in the dark—in vain does the giant cajole, in vain does he tell his son that the leeches do not hurt, and will make him better. The son remains obstinate. "You say they do not hurt," he retorts peevishly, "Very well, put them on your own arm first, and then I'll see." And the giant, without another word, takes off his coat, rolls up his shirt-sleeves, and sits patiently by the bedside until the leeches have done their unnecessary work on his own arms. And next morning, when the lad is on the mend, the father proudly shows the tiny black specks on his arms as an instance of his powers of persuasion.

The lad grows into a youth, the youth into a man, and, as a matter of course, is thrown into the whirlpool of Paris life. He is not extravagant; nevertheless, incapable as yet of supporting himself. The father would have given him his eyes; he never takes advantage of that generosity, although he knows full well that the money earned by the giant will disappear mysteriously whether he, the son, takes it or not. He knows that the combined fortunes of the Rothschilds would vanish just the same. At that period the elder was ill at St. Germain; his dog had bitten him severely in the hand; he was in bed and obliged to dictate. His son had just left him when the friend to whom we owe this story entered his bed-room. "That Alexandre of mine has a heart of gold," said the novelist, introducing his subject without the least preliminary. Seeing that the friend did not ask for further information Dumas volunteered it: "This morning I received six hundred and fifty francs. Just now Alexandre was going up to Paris, and he said: 'I'll take fifty francs.' I did not pay attention or must have misunderstood, for I replied: 'Don't take as much as that; leave me a hundred francs.' 'What do you mean, father?' he asked. 'I am telling you that I am going to take fifty francs.' 'I beg your pardon, I understood you were going to take six hundred,' I remarked. And still he did not take them. That Alexandre of mine, I tell you, has a heart of gold."

The time came when the young fellow wanted to try his wings at play-writing. We are all acquainted, more or less, with the genesis of "La Dame aux Camélias," although there has been a good deal of misconception with regard to the author's personal knowledge of the heroine. The novel had been a great success; the father recommended the dramatising of the book. We will let the author tell his own story.

"The last lines were scarcely dry when my father said: 'Let me hear the first act.' We went into his study and I began reading, torn by one of the deepest emotions I have felt in my life. I was face to face with my supreme judge. After the first act my father said in a friendly, but at the same time serious tone: 'Very well indeed; go on.' Emboldened by that beginning I read the second act, and I read it as well as I could. My magnificent auditor was deeply moved; the tears started to his eyes; the scene between Armand and Marguerite took a strong hold of him. 'Go on,' he said. I read the third act, and at that he was unable to hide his feelings. The last two thirds made him cry like a child. 'Now, read me the rest,' he whispered, and then he looked at me as he never looked at me before. That frank and open look was full of the tenderness to which I had been accustomed, but mingled with it there was a kind of astonishment, a sweet and delicate joy, more or less restrained by the dread that the end would not come up to the beginning."

I should like to give other instances of that great affection, but space fails. This is what the father wrote after the *première* of "Le Demi-Monde": "What pleases me most in the new work is the fact that his talent is not an inheritance, for I would be the first to declare myself incapable of writing such a play as that. I may frankly say this without humiliation on my part. I am capable of doing other things: I could write 'Antony,' 'Le Comte Hermann,' and 'La Conscience'; but I could not have written 'Le Demi-Monde.'"

Edmond About has, perhaps, best summed up the affection between the two: "They love one another to such a degree that when together in public each endeavours strenuously to hide his own wit, lest he should wound the other."



## AN AUTHOR'S GRIEVANCE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

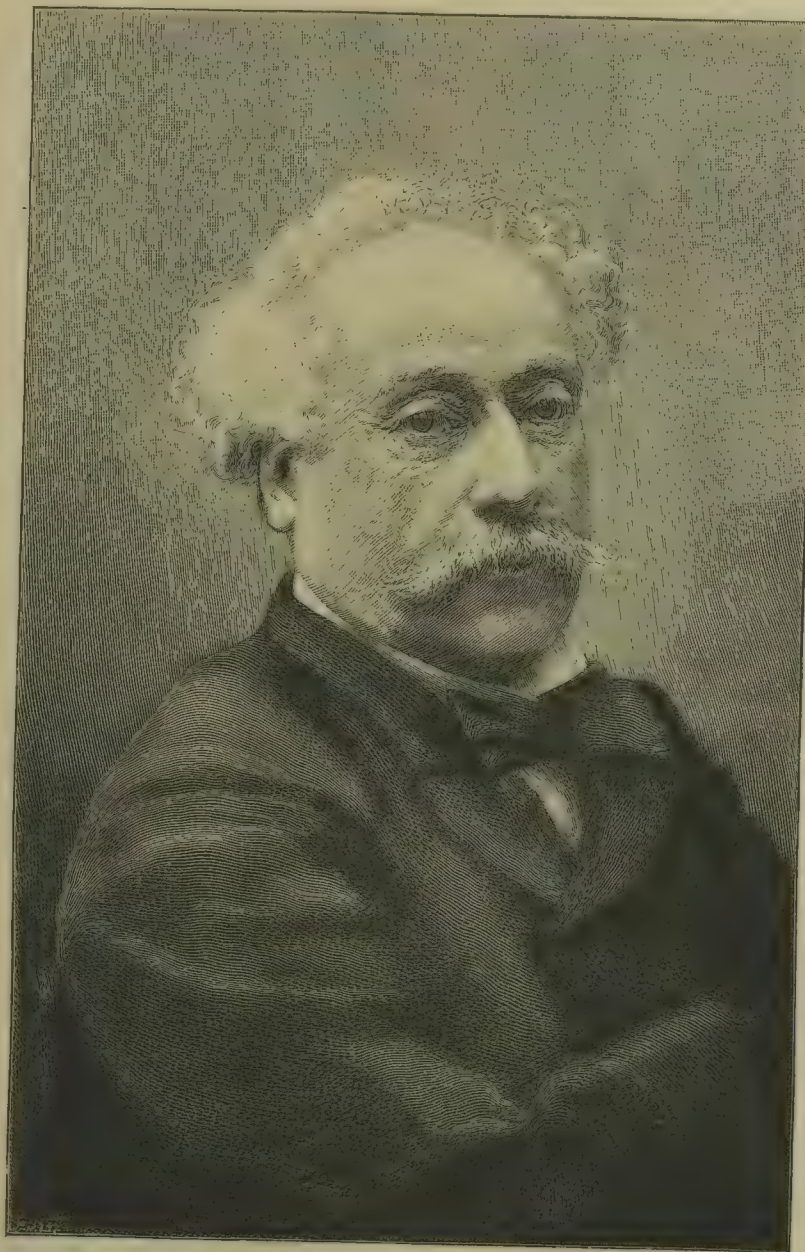
Authors have many grievances, which they do not lament in silence. The one real sorrow is that the public does not buy their books, but this is not the trouble most openly selected for complaint. Personally, it would please me, and raise my opinion of the public if it *did* prefer my books to those of many vulgar charlatans and much interviewed incompetents—horrid successful persons! But between the world and its favourites there must exist a pre-established harmony. If you or I, O brother scribbler, be too clever, too refined, too learned, too proud, too modest, too subtle, or, again, too dull, too commonplace, too unreadable for the world, the world will leave our books alone. There is no use in railing at the world, or in proclaiming our contempt thereof, and involving ourselves conspicuously in our virtue. We would all very gladly be as much in demand as a number of persons whom we regard as our intellectual inferiors; but as this may not be, as the harmony between us and reading spinsters is not pre-established, why, life is still worth living.

Even authors, as a rule, see this, and neither blame the public for its neglect nor themselves. A few may say, "Well, I cannot hit it off with the general reader," and leave the matter there on its merits. But many writers find fault all round about them. Now the publisher is to blame. "He does not advertise enough." This seems to me a very undignified remark in the mouth of a wit. Romance, poetry, history are not liver pills, and should make their way by other methods than those adopted by soap-boilers. The publisher thus settled, the reviewers come in for their share of blame. I have no particular love of reviewers. They very seldom seem to have read more of a book (which is not a novel) than its preface, and they usually appear to know even less from other sources of the subject about which it treats. "Lady friends" of the editor do a good deal of his literary criticism. Their minds are full of frills and furbelows, and the dear creatures blunder contentedly along, and stop short as soon as possible—the sooner the better. These practices, as an author, I regret and condemn, but not with asperity or amazement. The public do not really want "the article" at all, so a most inferior article is provided. Four short superficial sentences are doled out to the labour of years, and scholarship, of course, is whistled down the wind. For example, some man, woman, or child in the *Athenæum* of Nov. 9 reviewed a volume of "Harvard Studies in Greek Philology." "Who," cried this astonishing critic, "except Dr. Rutherford . . . will adventure himself to read an essay of eighty-four pages in Latin, under the title 'De Schol. Aristoph. Quæstiones Mythicæ'?" Who will? I will; and glad to have the chance. Latin dissertations on the Scholia to a Greek writer are not meant for the general public, but may be of deep interest to scholars, for whom alone they were written. "It looks very learned, and may possibly contain new things, but are they worth finding out?"

To discover whether the paper is, or only seems, "learned," to report as to whether it contains "new things," and to estimate their value, is the business of a reviewer to whom an editor has entrusted "Harvard Studies," the serious productions of a learned foreign University. Yet here, in almost our only learned journal not specially devoted to philology, the appointed critic neither reads nor (to be fair) pretends to read the work committed to his charge. He, or she, dismisses it with a piece of schoolgirl flippancy: "There are also forty pages on the stage terms of Heliodorus's 'Æthiopica,' which we have not read. But why not leave such things to the Germans?" Why not, indeed, bring us the *Rag-Bag* or *Tit-Bits*, and let our cousins, American or Teutonic, do the scholar's work of the world? As a Briton, and as one who, if no scholar, respects scholars, I feel a sense of indignant shame at this professed and avowed neglect of duty, at this breach of international courtesy. The classical studies of Harvard are an example to us, in Oxford and Cambridge, even if they are, necessarily, of no interest to literary rural spinsters and pillars of the circulating library.

The Harvard authors are not likely to complain, though they probably meet flippancy with contempt. The authors who complain are novelists, who are vastly indignant because novels are often reviewed in "batches." Everybody would rather be noticed in a column or in an edition by himself. But what is to be done? Novels appear in vast multitudes. The largest newspaper cannot give a column or half a column to each new novel. Nor do nine-tenths of the novels of the day deserve to occupy much space. They are tedious echoes and reverberations of

other novels—the domestic, the sporting, the historical, the "society," the personally satirical, the disputatious, or controversial, and so on. There is very rarely any notable wit, style, thought, originality, or even adventure in a new novel. Very few words may readily suffice for the appreciation of such frivolous and ephemeral and hackneyed attempts to entertain, to shock, or to instruct. As a counsel of perfection one would prefer to see a column or more devoted, as occasion arose, to a new novel worthy of criticism. If we allow for two dozen of such books in a year we make a generous estimate. The rest should be passed by in silence. But this policy would certainly not please the great crowd of novelists; probably it would not please the majority of publishers. In the long run it might subvert the present system of manufacture, but novel-readers would complain as well as the makers and publishers of romance. Therefore, the ordinary novel is, and will be, reviewed in the customary batch; there is no other obvious way of criticising the vast worthless mass of attempts at fiction. The arrangement is not ideal—far from it; but no journal can devote half its space to mediocrity in fiction, and the writers of fiction would weep afresh if they were neglected altogether. They are quite as well treated as classical scholars, better



THE LATE M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Photo L'Arcu, Paris.

men than themselves. Let the novelists start a daily or weekly paper devoted to nothing but the criticism of novels; in no other way are they likely to receive the amount of attention which each of us, very naturally, regards as his due. A picture or a statue represents harder work than most novels, but each painter does not clamour for a column to himself, and pictures, like romances, are reviewed in "batches." What is sauce for the painter or sculptor is sauce for the novelist, whose art and toil may be inferior to that of the artist with the chisel or the brush.

The promoting of the construction of light railways or steam tramways, especially for the benefit of agriculture, all over England and Wales, was the object of a conference on Nov. 28, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, at which Sir Albert Rollit presided, and which was attended by many delegates of country, district, and parish associations. Some of the speakers referred to the example set by foreign countries of Europe, particularly a line from Cremona to Piacenza, in North Italy; but they might have found much fitter and more frequent instances of the use of steam tramways on the common roads in Holland. A resolution was passed asking Government to legislate for this purpose on the principle of State and local aid, or guarantee, to private undertakings; and it was resolved to form an association with this object in view.

## ALEXANDRE DUMAS—AN APPRECIATION.

BY A. B. WALKLEY.

It has been said that the judgment of foreigners is entitled to respect because they represent, as it were, a contemporary posterity. I, for one, should hesitate to accept this paradox for a truth. To Dumas' case, at any rate, it is not applicable. No English judgment of him can pretend to finality; at best it can only be a decree *nisi*. The man, you see, was so desperately un-English! As he happened to be a Frenchman, with Creole and Jewish blood in his veins, this is not surprising. He was untranslatable, unadaptably French. The so-called English versions of his plays are pitiable when they are not execrable. "The Squire of Dames" is the husk, without the kernel, of "L'Ami des Femmes"; "The Fringe of Society" was a gross and vulgar caricature of "Le Demi-Monde." An Englishman is reported to have told M. Sarcey, when one of Dumas' plays was being performed by the Comédie Française in London, "The thing has no common-sense." That sturdy Briton blurted out a truth. Dumas had splendid qualities, but jog-trot, workaday, practical reason was not one of them. This is a defect we English will never pardon. Nor do we readily forgive that propensity to priggish talk and pulpitering which characterised Dumas. We have a vague idea that it is ungentlemanly.

Yet, difficult as it is for us English to recognise it at a glance, Dumas was a great man. He revolutionised the stage. To-day "La Dame aux Camélias" seems a poor, tawdry thing. That is because realism has outgrown its early beginnings. We live in an age of literary Kodaks. Nevertheless, in the early fifties this play was a realistic exploit so audacious that it made men gape. Dumas had loved and had suffered; he threw his love and his sufferings, warm and palpitating, on to the stage. He succeeded because he boldly ignored theatrical tradition. Having done this much, he carefully began to build up a tradition of his own. He saw from the first that the old notion of a play, popularised by Scribe, as a piece of mechanism wound up to entertain the company for three hours, would no longer suffice. So he kicked the puppets out of the theatre and let in the warm blood of life. To this end he invented the thesis-play. Johnson said of Socrates that "he had brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men": we might say of Dumas that he brought moral problems, questions of conduct, out of musty books and unread sermons to dwell in the theatre. Nobody can say they are unimportant problems; we cannot shirk them; they are part and parcel of human life. And it is to the honour of Dumas that for years he forced men and women, idly gathered in a theatre, to think about these problems.

How Dumas answered the questions he propounded is another matter. Ethical dilemmas, "cases of conscience," are not to be settled definitely, once for all; but the stage demands a definite settlement—at all events the trick of substituting a "note of interrogation" for a *dénouement* had not been invented in Dumas' day. He was always careful to give you a decisive *dénouement*, though he might follow it up next time with a decision in the contrary sense. From "Le Demi-Monde" it appeared that erring women were at all hazards to be kept out of decent society. In "La Femme de Claude" we were roundly bidden to put a bullet into them.

This was because, as a young man, Dumas was consumed—generous youth has that foible—by a passion for justice. As he mellowed he learned that "the greatest of these is charity." In "L'Ami des Femmes" weak woman was to be saved by stronger man. In "Les Idées de Madame Aubray" and "Denise" she was to be freely forgiven, and "made an honest woman of" by the nearest Prince Charming. Indeed, Dumas' solicitude for womanly weakness would be a little droll were he not so terribly in earnest about it. His des Calins and des Ryons—austere wisecracks, not to be caught in the toils of love—were so many projections of Dumas himself. He liked to constitute himself the Father Confessor of the sex. But he was always educating himself, and at the last he began to see that man is as weak as woman—"as weak as flesh if not weaker," as the lady in "Martin Chuzzlewit" said of her husband's wooden leg. In this frame of mind he gave us "Francillon," a beautiful picture of a woman, and, as some think, his best play.

Dumas, then, moralised the theatre. As that is his best, and will be his most enduring work, I have, at the moment his coffin is scarce lowered into his grave, thought it the right side of him to dwell on. He had, of course, many other sides. He was an adroit craftsman; he had an admirable dramatic style, a scintillant wit. He was not a very profound philosopher, perhaps—playwrights seldom are. It is not by his ideas that he will live. But because he was in earnest, because he raised the theatre from a toy-shop to a school of conduct, because, in short, he was essentially a good man, we deplore his death to-day, and should keep his memory green.



## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb always have a great show of charming novelties both at their West-End house, 158, Oxford Street, and at their City place, which is exactly opposite the Mansion House and numbered 2, Queen Victoria Street. This year they have a very special novelty, which is more than novel: it is extremely pretty and charming. It is called "Ye Holly-Bough Service," and is made in their famous Prince's plate, which is guaranteed to last for twenty-five years with every appearance of being solid silver. The special feature of



HOLLY-BOUGH SILVER CAKE-BASKET.

the new design is that the handles and other decorations are made to imitate holly exactly. The berries are in vitreous enamel, and look just like holly-berries. The leaves have the fineness and the texture on the front and the shiny appearance on the back that characterise the plant, while the stem of the tree forms the handles, decorated here and there with the berries. In this design are made cake-baskets, sugar-basins, and sifters, biscuit-boxes, butter-and-cheese stands, double preserve-stands, and some other pretty objects. A new kind of biscuit-jar, also in Prince's plate, has a handle at the back to hold it by, and the lid is provided with a hinge. A delightful novelty is the "Surprise Egg-Frame," which looks as much like a silver biscuit-jar as possible; but when the top has a little twist given to it, behold! it suddenly opens like a conjurer's trick, and out come six egg-cups. It makes a compact ornament for the centre of the table, and, of course, also keeps the eggs warm until wanted. Sweet-meat-dishes, both in solid silver and in Prince's plate, are to be seen in large variety. The novelty is in producing these charming little finishes to the dinner-table decoration at a remarkably low price in Prince's plate, with all the finish, chasing, embossing, and piercing that hitherto has belonged to solid silver alone.

At another side of the large shop a different class of goods is shown in equally interesting variety and novelty. Quite new is a pierced silver holder for a large watch to stand upon a writing-table, or to take out in a carriage, the price of the whole being absurdly small. Another useful and pretty present is a carriage address-book, the outside in the beautiful crushed morocco which is more charming than any other leather ever was, before this was invented; it is provided with silver corners, and within are found pockets for ladies' and gentlemen's cards, a good-sized address-book for one's friends' names, and a slate for the day's engagements. The outside size is 8 in. by 4½ in. A pretty little present for a man is a morocco leather case, with silver corners and lock, containing whist-markers and two packs of cards. Another is a "gentleman's jewel-case"—a pretty little box of chased silver, about four inches square and about an inch deep, lined with blue plush, the top having loops for several scarf-pins to live in, and a space in which rings can be placed, while when the top is lifted out provision for putting studs and links is seen beneath. If I were a man, and smoked, I should very much like someone to give me a little fusée-box in gun-metal, studded all over with diamonds like the stars against a dark blue sky; or, perhaps, even better, a cigarette-case, the material being the almost black gun-metal, and the decoration a true-lovers' knot in little brilliants at the top corner. There has been a great improvement within the last few years in the casing of English silver-smith's goods. Some pretty cut scent-bottles look ever so much better for being set on a floor of pale blue plush, with the top and doors of pleated white satin. An equally charming case contains a tête-à-tête tea-set of Coalport china, the ground cream colour, and the decoration of the panels in floral design and gold painted while soft, this having the effect of enamelling. Many of the silver goods are cased with great taste.



PIERCED SILVER HOLDER FOR WATCH.

There is a "corner" in diamonds; they are about one pound a carat dearer at this moment than they were a few weeks ago, and the end is not yet. The Association of Diamond Merchants, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, having had timely notice of what was about to happen, secured a very large parcel of the fine Cape stones—over £80,000 worth—before the rise took place, and are therefore in the happy position of being able to disregard the "corner," and to continue to sell at the old price, at all events till that large supply is exhausted. As usual, their ornaments are made with admirable taste, and the stones being always sold by weight (in proportion, of course, to their brilliancy), they come out at unusually low prices. The familiar ornament for the hair or

corsage, a sword with a diamond hilt and a diamond point, is to be seen here in quite a new design, the elaborate scroll work around the hilt making a novelty out of the familiar shape. A diamond butterfly set upon a spring so that it quivers at every movement of the wearer, a Mercury's wand with peculiarly beautiful diamonds, and a seven-stone cluster brooch, each stone of almost matchless fire and of considerable size, are among the more expensive ornaments.

There are many smaller things which are also excellent value, such as a brooch with a knot of diamonds, and a small heart pendant therefrom, set upon a bar of gold with a pearl at each end; or a gold horseshoe set with ten brilliants, upon two riding-whips; or a diamond butterfly brooch containing fourteen diamonds, eight rubies, five pearls, and two sapphires; or a parrot sitting upon a bar with twenty diamonds, sixteen rubies, and one whole pearl; any one of which is to be had for something in the neighbourhood of £5: while the little pearl brooches bring at about a sovereign. A great specialty of this firm for the Christmas season, and quite a new patent, is the "Excelsior Dressing-Bag." The fittings are arranged upon a frame which slides into the side of the bag so as to lie perfectly flat. The top opens above them, and then they lift out altogether, and stand up on the table just like an ordinary dressing-bag; but when in and closed, the compass and size and weight of the ordinary bag are entirely avoided, the whole thing looking more like a dispatch-box or a moderate-sized jewel-case than even the smallest of bags. A favourite present just now is a muff-chain: a long gold chain to go round the neck, such as our grandmothers wore their watches upon, set at intervals with pearls or other precious stones.

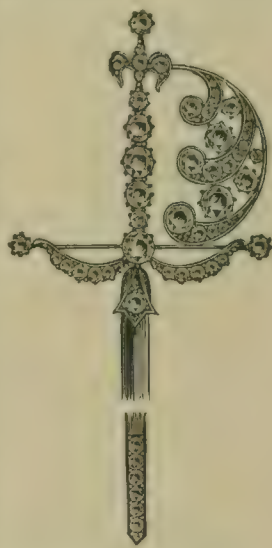
For anyone who loves opals as much as I do, there is a most interesting show at present at Messrs. Streeter's, 18, New Bond Street. I have never seen anything at all to compare with the magnificent ornaments in this most beautiful of stones that are now to be seen at that address, with the single exception of the matchless collection



OPAL HEART.

known as the Hope Opals. The principal suite that Messrs. Streeter have on show is priced at £3500. It consists of a necklace of huge stones, the centre one as large as a walnut, each opal set round with small diamonds, and the series connected by large and brilliant single stones; a brooch which is set with a very large specimen stone, and has an oval one hanging from it, which is removable to wear as a pendant; and a bracelet of oblong stones all set round with brilliants. Opals are said to be unlucky. I do wish my enemies would get up a subscription to present me with that lot of bad luck! Another beautiful and uncommon ornament is an eagle, the head and the tips of the wings brilliants, the eye a large ruby, and all the breast and wing feathers cut as exactly as possible to the shape of the eagle's plumage in beautiful lustrous opals. Another necklet, which also forms a superb tiara, has a scrolly base of diamonds, with a spiky falling design of the same flashing stones, and large oval opals set in what the jewellers call "glass style"—that is to say, not showing the setting at all—hanging under and between the festoons of diamonds. This is beautiful as a necklet; as a tiara it would be magnificent indeed. Perhaps, however, the most beautiful piece, though comparatively small, is a long-shaped brooch set round with diamonds, the value being £150, though the entire ornament is only about half a finger length. The living colours flash and glow in the heart of this magnificent gem, so that one can almost suppose that a spirit looked out—truly, not a spirit of ill-luck, but one of brightness and beauty. There are, of course, cheap enough ornaments also in this large collection of opals, one pretty one being a little heart of opal set with either a ruby, emerald, or diamond in the centre, and another a little shamrock of opals upon a bar with two diamonds on either side. The heart illustrated is a fine large opal set with brilliants, as shown.

If quite another class of Christmas present be desired, there is Messrs. Hampton's, at Trafalgar Square, where there is a very large show of furniture, from the most costly to the quite moderately priced. Chairs of every description are in most fascinating variety. There is a beautiful Empire shape, the back made like a lyre, but exceptionally wide, and this and the legs are thickly gilt, the whole design being short and wide, true Empire style, and the covering blue and brown brocade. Another pretty lyre-shaped backed chair is in mahogany, with a covering of embossed velvet in a gay floral design. There is a magnificent specimen of a genuine Chippendale over-mantel in the later style of that great artist in furniture, so much carved and worked that it looks like a pagoda. Turning to cheaper things, a pretty and useful novelty is the little combination music and writing table, which will be understood best by referring to the Illustration. Below, it has a large cupboard for music; then comes a shelf, plush-lined, for books; above that it has a



ORNAMENT FOR HAIR OR CORSAGE, DIAMOND HILT AND POINT.

closing-top writing-table, which when drawn a little open is seen to be provided with space for paper and envelopes and pens and ink; finally, there is the music-holder, seen in the picture, which is drawn up only when wanted to hold a song, violin music, or the like. At other times the table looks like an ordinary flat-topped one. A capital music-holder is made in the shape of a lyre, with the strings of gold, and a shelf underneath large enough to accommodate a violin. Then there is the other Illustration—a curio or china cabinet, in a pretty light-brown mahogany, with brass mounts burnished so that they look like gold on the front and the legs and round the glass; with, inside it, a plate-glass shelf and a plush-lined floor. The whole thing is very pretty and quite cheap. Other articles suitable for presents range from Limoges china tea-sets to marble statuettes, many of the articles being inexpensive.

Sir John Bennett, at 65, Cheapside, has always made a specialty of watches, and the firm retains its place still in the crowded market. An endless variety of ladies' watches, from the keyless half-hunter to the tiny little enamelled watch for hanging on the bosom by a pin, can be had here. Watch bracelets are to be seen in very great variety. Perhaps the nicest form of this popular ornament is the self-closing spring one, which fits exactly and closely to any wrist, and so prevents the rolling about which is rather uncomfortable in any other kind of bracelet that does not exactly fit. There are, however, many forms of bracelet from which the watch can be removed to be worn in another way at pleasure. Very pretty little enamelled watches with diamond or other monograms or devices on the back, many of them of almost infinitesimal size and yet guaranteed to work well, are also to be had here, with prices to suit all purses.

Messrs. Reuter, of 62, New Bond Street, are the English agents for the "4711" brand of perfumes. These are manufactured by Mr. Mülhens, in Germany—the home of Eau de Cologne, of course—and the patriotic maker declares also that the violets of the Rhine are unsurpassed for fragrance. Certainly, the perfume that he makes from them—Rhine Violets' scent, Mülhens' brand—is of the most delicious fragrance known in any scent of the same class. It is really like violets, and not flattered by the name. Many so-called violet scents are little like the flower's delicate breath to begin with, and become sickly in the extreme after a few hours; but this brand will be found to remain sweet till the last, and that last is long. Thus, though an expensive scent, it is not dear. It can be ordered of any perfumer, but in that case it is necessary to see that the name of the maker and number of the brand are correct. Soap of several kinds—the rose is very nice—the famous "4711" brand Eau de Cologne, in many sorts of flasks and cases, and scent-sachets, are among the goods at 62, New Bond Street, and would make acceptable presents to any lady of refined tastes.

Messrs. Parkins and Gatto, of 54, Oxford Street, have introduced a new present for boys, which those of a mechanical turn will greatly delight in. It is a table-engine, which is worked by merely affixing a tube from the gas-burner to the engine in the same manner as is done with a table-lamp. Sir David Salomons, who takes such an interest in small motors and who was the originator of the show of road-carriage motors at Tunbridge Wells recently, has one of these little engines, and reports that it has generated enough power to run a small dynamo for two 4-volt electric lamps. It is capable of making 880 revolutions per minute, and will work a fret-saw and various other small machines. The chamber in which the force is produced has a porcelain cone in an asbestos casing, which becomes red-hot without consuming, and over this the gas passes, being mixed just as it enters the chamber with a small portion of atmospheric air. This causes a continuous succession of minute explosions, by means of which the piston is driven within the cylinder. The cylinder is jacketed—that is to say, it has water continuously supplied around it from a small tank; hydraulic principles explaining how the heated water returns to the tank and the cool goes back by another pipe to prevent any danger. The machine can be kept at work all day before the tank of water gets too hot to answer its purpose. This ingenious little engine is only 16 in. long by 9 in. wide and 10 in. high, and is an interesting little toy.

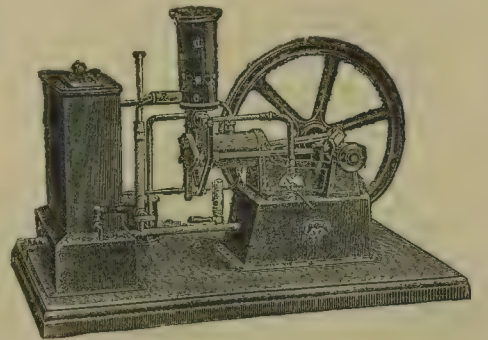


TABLE GAS-ENGINE.

Tea has always been a favourite present, and if the remarkable reduction in its price of recent years has caused it to become more everyday and less distinctly a festive gift, that is easily made up for by increasing the quantity given. Our mothers would have envied us, in their days of dear tea, if they could have fore-tasted the excellent tea that is sold now by the United Kingdom Tea Company, at 21, Mincing Lane, E.C., for two shillings per pound, and the best and rarest growths only a little more. This tea, which is used in the House of Commons and the Prince of Wales's household, is put up in boxes of various sizes, and few are the ladies who would not rejoice in a good supply of it; while for giving to poorer friends and relatives it makes an ideal present.



MUSIC AND WRITING TABLE.



## THE CRISIS IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

*From Photographs supplied by Mr. H. L. M. Ford, R.N.*

RAILWAY STATION AT SALONICA.



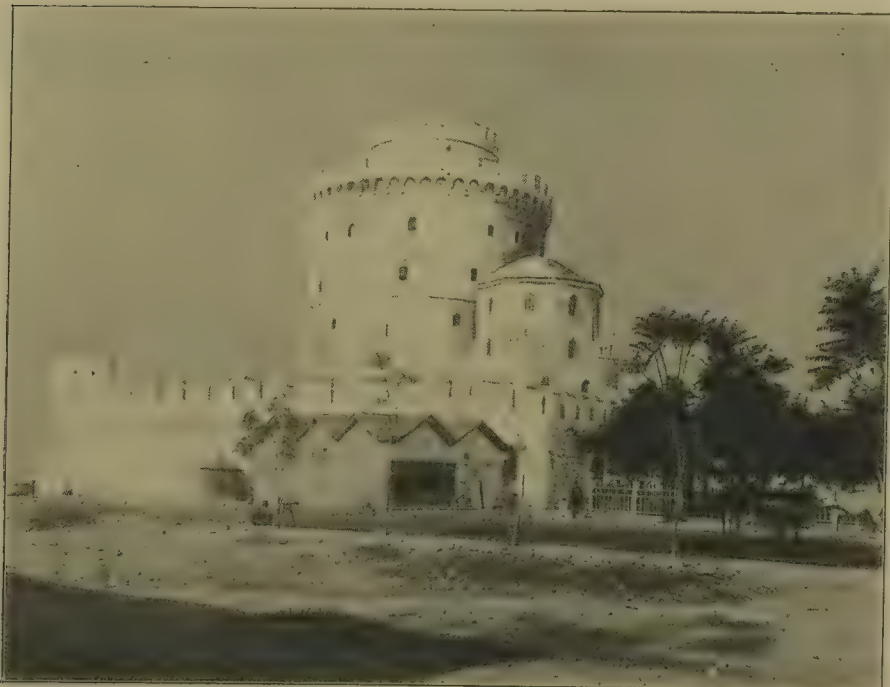
QUAY AT SALONICA, WITH THE WHITE TOWER.

Our sketches of the important city and seaport of Salonica, and of a scene on the railway line that passes near Monastir, on the borders of Albania, may be regarded as illustrating the aspect of some chief European provinces of the Ottoman dominion. These are likely to be involved, not less seriously than those of Asia Minor, or Anatolia, with Armenia and Syria, in the general confusion and strife of different races and religious communities by which the very existence of the Sultan's Empire is menaced with disruption. Macedonia especially, with its population divided between Turks, Greeks, and Bulgarians, occupying a large territory which intervenes between Roumelia, the proper European Turkey, and the Mussulman province of Albania, has for many years past been in a very disturbed condition. To the north of it lies the almost independent principality of Bulgaria; to the south, in Thessaly, it is approached by the kingdom of Greece; both those nationalities, claiming their respective shares, by affinity with the populations of wide districts, and of many towns and villages, in the Macedonian inheritance, whenever it can be wrested from the Ottoman dominion. The military forces of Bulgaria, if its ruler were enabled, by more favourable political relations with either of the Great Powers, Russia or Austria, to undertake such an enterprise, might possibly be sufficient to conquer a portion of Macedonia, with the facilities afforded



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT SALONICA.

by the geographical situation. But affairs have not yet manifestly approached such an opportunity; and the Turkish fleet in the Ægean, though not formidable compared with the naval armaments of the European Powers, is quite capable of holding Salonica and every port of the coast, and of transporting such troops as can be raised (and not paid) by that impecunious empire to any point of its maritime shores. A rebellion in Macedonia or Albania, without foreign military assistance, would not at present be likely to gain much success; and the Greeks are held in check by the Albanians even more effectually than by the Turks. The whole internal policy of this unhappy empire, in default of equitable and efficient domestic rule, is to support itself, with its official agents of fiscal extortion, upon the mutual animosities of its diverse races of subjects, who are allowed to outrage, plunder, and massacre each other, so long as the Pashas can make up rich purses for their own private emolument, and the Palace on the Bosphorus has unfailing luxury. Improved administration is no more sought and attempted than the conciliation of hostile nationalities and religious creeds; it is not to enforce just and legal government anywhere, but only to maintain the Sultan's despotic title, with an authority which has almost fallen into practical desuetude, that his troops are moved from one province of Europe or Asia to another.



THE WHITE TOWER, SALONICA.



TUNNELS ON MONASTIR RAILWAY, NEAR THE KARA-SU RIVER, ALBANIA.



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

What is the use of writing about dress when we are enveloped in fog and our souls are enwrapped in melancholy; when we regard the muddy state of the roads but to realise that bicycling is impossible, and that the frost, save



A HOME EVENING GOWN.

at "Niagara," has not set in to invite us to skate; and when we know that life consists, to the idle of course, of eight hours in an easy chair by the fire in the sitting-room, and three hours in an easy chair by the fire in the drawing-room after dinner? However, the thought of those three hours tempts me to the serious consideration of a home evening gown, and the materials for this depend upon the age of its wearer, which may, indeed, be said with truth of every sort and condition of gown. The young girl—she ought seriously to be considered—should wear a crêpon of white or blue or pink, mounted on a lining and trimmed with rows of Valenciennes lace set *à jour* right the way up to her knees. The bodice should be decked to match this, the full front overhanging a broad band of satin ribbon, and the sleeves should again show the stripes of the lace. The young matron may cast her attention upon that dress which is illustrated here, which offers itself persuasively for ordinary wear, and which would amiable adapt itself to materials of any description. It would even look well, I think, in cashmere—in pale blue cashmere for instance, with those stripes of lace in cream colour, and the coat bodice of Oriental beaver satin, either to match or in green or mauve; the little piece of lace at the throat is transparent, and the band round the waist matches the coat. Of course the easiest way of settling the question of gowns for home evening wear is by a black skirt of silk, satin, or brocade, and a coloured bodice. But it is a great mistake always to

vivid shade of buttercup yellow, trimmed with a little cream-coloured lace and jet, achieving most becoming results. Then among the velveteens, too—those which bear the hall-mark of "Liberty"—there are a charming rose-pink and a light apple-green to be recommended, while there is a soft tone of grey which, with frills of grey chiffon and a skilful introduction of jet and gold embroidery, makes the most delightful of bodices. Indeed, it makes the most delightful of dresses, and the plain skirt is, after all, no very expensive matter. But it is necessary that this plain skirt be lined with fibre-chamois, this being the one and only material which really induces the skirt of the day to set as it should. But alas! alas! its success has bred the usual result, and imitations of it are springing up daily. However, to the eye of the expert the original fibre-chamois is so superior that, like good wine, it needs no bush; but the inexperienced should be advised, as the advertisements might say, not alone to ask for fibre-chamois, but to see that they get it. But they should have it in their sleeves as well as in their skirts. No self-respecting sleeve would, indeed, condescend to set without it; but this is merely by the way. Let me get back to my home evening gowns. Let me mention the charms of a dress of soft white silk, a material which can be bought for one shilling a yard, and this, placed over a slip of pale pink sateen trimmed with transparent lace, makes an ideal frock for the slim-figured maiden. To the attention of the same fortunate young person I recommend the charms of the new white silk crêpes with little bouquets of flowers straying over their surface.

But I suppose, in view of the near approach of Christmas, even the most pessimistic will anticipate festivities; therefore the evening gown which shall do decorative duty on such occasions merits immediate attention. Satin continues to be the most popular material, and that dress illustrated on this page gives convincing reason of our fidelity to its charms. It is made of ivory-white satin, with a tracing of spangles (spangles, it will be observed, have come before the pantomime dares, and will remain long after it has fled), and the bodice shows a



SILK PLUSH OPERA-CLOAK.

corselet entirely covered with these spangles, with the chemisette and sleeves formed of a bouilloné of crêpe de Chine, one side of the décolletage being decorated with a large bunch of pink and yellow roses.

It is extraordinary to observe with what persistency the sequin influences all our garments. It twinkles on the crowns of our hats and on the toes of our shoes; while in combination with the silken embroidery it forms panels and vests to all the French gowns labelled "Louis Seize," and the newest ribbons display its charms in divers fashions.

Very pretty indeed are the new ribbons, especially those with the little Pompadour bouquets interspersed with these sequins. Then, again, others which are also attractive show the chiné pattern with a raised conventional design in black or white upon it. Ribbons, however, are not cheap luxuries. Some of those which I have described cost about fifteen shillings and sixpence a yard; and yet so extravagant are we that we adopt five or six yards of these to make a sash and three yards to trim our millinery, in combination with three black ostrich-plumes—another purchase which cannot be written down as cheap.

But I am forgetting—I have not yet described that opera-cloak illustrated here. This is made of one of the new silk plushes, and takes the loose coat form, which is as convenient as the cape, and infinitely more comfortable to wear. The sleeves have monster armholes; round the neck and at the wrist is a border of sable, and the trimming consists of stripes of écaru embroidery edged again with the fur. Other opera-cloaks there are most worthy of our admiration. But that is another story which I have no time to tell to-day. However, the discussion of their advantages is a joy for my immediate future. There is only one joy in my immediate present, and that is the roaring fire, which, in crimson, yellow, and orange flames, is pursuing its wild career up the chimney.—PAULINA PRY.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

Apart from Mr. Albert Goodwin's gleanings from "the glorious East," especially from the fairy city of Agra, there is no special novelty in the Winter Exhibition of the "Old" Society of Painters in Water-Colours. This qualification, however, in no way detracts from the interest and intrinsic merit of many of the drawings. The somewhat misleading term of "sketches," which for many years was employed to distinguish the winter from the summer exhibitions of the society, has now been abandoned. By a strange contradiction there has seldom been a winter display in these rooms in which "sketches and studies" have been more prominent, and never when they have been so excellent. To begin with, we have the original studies made by Mr. Carl Haag for "A Street in Cairo" (41), and its companion, "A Street of Damascus" (161), two pictures which will, perhaps, in future times be regarded as the artist's most characteristic works. From these studies we gather the minuteness of Mr. Carl Haag's observation, and the elaborate care with which he worked at his details until they produced an harmonious *ensemble* of grouping and colouring. At the opposite extreme we find one of the youngest of the Associates, Mr. George Clausen, seizing with almost lightning rapidity the effects of "A Summer Sky" (15), and of "Rain" (20) and "After Rain" (225), or of jotting as he goes along "By the Roadside" (25) his rapid impressions of "Old Barns" (82), of the "Village Inn" (92), the "Cornfield" (208), or the "Farrier's Shed" (99). The contrast between the art of the past and of the present, both excellent in their several ways, could not be better exemplified.

Mr. A. W. Hunt is too conscientious, and at the same time too modest, an artist to exhibit anything which does not pass his own high standard of finish. Consequently his "Warkworth Sands" (48), one of the gems of the exhibition, is a refined treatment of atmosphere and expanse, in which the sky and clouds play the most important part, dividing the foreground from the distant horizon by a darkened shadow midway across the half-barren sandy flat. Mr. Matthew Hale, who in some respects is Mr. A. W. Hunt's unconscious disciple, has at least the same poetic touch combined with a wider imagination. In his "Study for a Drawing" (123) we see how carefully he composes the elements of his work—a few old cottages, the fishermen's moorings, high up the estuary on which the village stands, and the quaint but seaworthy old boats which earn the villagers' daily bread. His most charming work, however, in which the refinement of his feeling and touch is best seen, is "A Misty Sunset" (321), over a calm but ever-moving sea, and in "A Grey Evening" (228). Mr. J. W. North is as bright and bold in his contrasts of colour as Mr. M. Hale is subdued and melancholy, and both in "A Yorkshire Beck" (38) and in the larger "Sketch for a Picture" (185) we have very good instances of Mr. North's aims and powers. Mr. Robert Allan is another artist whose work is always attractive, but often disappointing. To him the well-known saying, *Celum, non animum*, etc., can never be applied, for though he may cross oceans and traverse continents, yet he is ever faithful to the skies of Scotland. This year he has seemingly made the town of Chartres, one of the sunniest spots in Normandy, his centre, and deals effectively with its picturesque buildings and the costumes of its peasants; but for what we get of the blazing sun, he might as well have stayed in Cromarty. Mr. T. M. Rooke, moreover, is a serious rival to those who venture upon his special domains, and this year he seems more than ever successful in his purely architectural drawings from Rouen, Chartres, and Caudebec, while in his landscape setting of "Dieppe Castle" (7) he displays a pleasing appreciation of brilliant sunlight. It is interesting, too, to find Mr. T. R. Lamont ("The Laird" of Trilby) working in the same line at "Mount St. Michael" (270), for hitherto he has been best known as a figure-painter. Miss Clara Montalba also shows to excellent advantage in the present exhibition, not only in her more familiar Venetian studies, but in the bit of Northern landscape, "A Fortress in the Kattegat" (198) in which the silver greyness of the Northern sky is well sustained. Mr. Albert Goodwin shines best in his two studies of Agra, which lends itself especially to his fanciful style; but in his challenge to Mr. Herbert Marshall to depict London, he seems to miss the more distinctive atmospheric conditions which render the latter's work so attractive; while his rendering of the old weather-worn buildings of Oxford (214) fail to convey a correct idea of their rich colouring. Mr. Lionel Smythe's "Burning Weeds" (110), although rather forced in its effect, is a masterly work, and worthy of the place of distinction assigned to it; and Sir E. Burne-Jones's crayon studies and his "Portrait of a Young Woman" (280), and those by Mr. E. R. Hughes, are, as usual, admirable specimens of drawing. Of more direct interest, however, is Mr. Herkomer's portrait of his brother Academician Mr. Stacy Marks (336), of almost miniature proportions, but lifelike and full of animation. Mr. George Fripp's "Hickling Broad" (339), Mr. Sam Evans's "New Quay" (238), Mr. Collingwood's "Clifton" (50), as well as the contributions of Mrs. Allingham, Mr. Herbert Marshall, and other popular favourites, add distinction to the present exhibition.

For original ideas in calendars to whom shall we go if not to Mr. Charles Letts? As usual, he comes out with a whole stock of diaries and pocket-books. If you have no time to buy a fresh calendar every year, if the bare idea of a yearly calendar bores you to death, Mr. Letts will provide you with a compendious arrangement combining a calendar for five years with a paper-weight. The diaries are of all shapes and sizes, chiefly remarkable for neatness and compactness. There is, for instance, a ladies' tablet diary, which gives a page to every week, including devotional exercises and the phases of the moon. People with a turn for quotations can refresh themselves with the "Poet's Calendar"; and the irrepressible person who cannot live without setting down his or her sentiments every day in black and white ought to rejoice in the "Improved Diary," which is a stout and handsome volume, obviously designed for the most fluent style.



EVENING GOWN OF IVORY SATIN.

wear the same sort of dress; one wants at least two or three dresses for home evening wear; it adds a certain monotony to existence sitting down night after night in the same gown. The most inexpensive bodices are made of coloured velveteen, the special colour to be adapted to the special individual. I have seen one in a



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 16, 1890), with two codicils (dated July 17, 1890, and Sept. 16, 1892), of Mr. Robert Gosling, J.P., D.L., of Hassobury, Essex, and 28, Portland Place, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Nov. 26 by Mrs. Eleanor Spencer Gosling, the widow, Robert Cunliffe Gosling, the son, and Herbert Gosling, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £900,598. The testator gives £50 to the Saffron Walden Hospital; £100 to be divided by his wife and the rector of Farnham, Bishops Stortford between deserving parishioners; his residence in Portland Place, with the china, books, pictures, and furniture, and his pearls and pearl ornaments to his wife for life, and then to go with the Hassobury estate; his trinkets, ornaments, household linen, wines, liquors, consumable stores, carriages, harness, two horses, and £1000 to his wife; he also gives her an annuity of £2000 in addition to her jointure of £1500 per annum; £100,000, upon trust, for such son of his as shall succeed to the Hassobury estate for life, and then for his issue as he shall appoint; £75,000 each to his other sons; and he makes up the portions of each of his daughters, with what they will otherwise become entitled to, to £20,000. There are also some specific gifts of plate; and legacies to executors, stud-groom, estate-bailiff, coachman, gardener, and other servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son who shall succeed to the Hassobury estate.

The will (dated July 10, 1890), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1893), of Major Michael Stocks, J.P., D.L., of 26, Rutland Gate, Woodhall, Hilgay, Norfolk, and Latheron-Wheel, Caithness, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Nov. 23 by Mrs. Jane Mary Stocks, the widow, and Michael Stocks, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £349,546. The testator devises the Woodhall estate, charged with annuities to his aunts and uncle, to the use of his son Michael for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail; and he gives to his said son all his hotels, inns, public-houses, beerhouses, farms, and land in the county of York, the stock-in-trade and assets of his brewery at Shibden, and the furniture and effects, live and dead stock at Woodhall. He bequeaths all his Two and Three-Quarter per Cent. Consols, the balance at his bankers', and the debts due to him privately (subject to the payment of his private debts), and the horses, carriages, and consumable stores at his residence Rutland Gate to his wife. He also bequeaths his last-named residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife for life; £25,000, upon trust, to pay £200 per annum to his daughter Mary Evelyn Hilda Vaughan, while she resides with his wife, and the remainder of the income to his wife; and on her ceasing so to reside, or on the death of his wife, to pay the whole of the income to his said daughter, for life, and at her death as to the capital for his son Michael and his daughters Elizabeth Vera and Lucy Estelle; and legacies

to colliery-manager, brewery-manager, coachman, gardener, and wife's maid. There are also some specific gifts of plate to his son and his two last-named daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his daughters Elizabeth Vera and Lucy Estelle, in equal shares. The testator does not give any part of the residue to his son, as he is already amply provided for under the will of his grandfather.

The will (dated June 30, 1893) of Mr. William Oliver Dodgson, of 26, Royal Exchange, and of Manor House, Sevenoaks, who died on Oct. 11, was proved on Nov. 25 by William Henley Dodgson, Henley Frederick Dodgson, and Campbell Dodgson, the sons, and George James Newbery, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £135,544. The testator gives the use of his residence, the Manor House, with the horses, carriages, plate, furniture, and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Frances Emily Dodgson, so long as she shall continue his widow, and he directs that the £1000 per annum he covenanted to pay her by settlement shall be paid out of his personal estate; £3500 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Partridge, who is provided for also by her marriage settlement; £200 each to his executors; £100 each to the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund and the Holmesdale Hospital, Sevenoaks; and legacies for the benefit of his son, Edward Spencer, and to his sisters, nieces, sister-in-law, friend, coachman, and servants. His trustees are directed to pay the annuities he had covenanted to pay his sisters out of his personal estate. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his sons, William Henley, Charles Heathfield, Arthur, Henley Frederick, Heathfield Butler, and Campbell in equal shares; and he appoints to them and to his daughter, Mrs. Partridge, the trust funds under his marriage settlement with his late wife. Certain amounts advanced to sons or to be paid to the trustees of their respective marriage settlements are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated July 19, 1894) of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Hussey Fane Keane, C.B., of Rosemount, Sunningdale, Berks, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Nov. 26 by Lady Isabella Emma Elizabeth Keane, the widow, Sir John Keane, Bart., and Percy Leigh Pemberton, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,991. There are various specific bequests to his wife, the said Sir John Keane, and others. He also bequeaths £1000 to his nephew, Henry Keane Penrose; £100 each to his executors, Sir J. Keane and Mr. P. L. Pemberton; and £100 to his housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said nephew, Mr. H. K. Penrose.

The will (dated July 31, 1895) of General Henry Francis Bythessea, of 22, Wilton Crescent, Belgrave Square, and 97, Sydney Place, Bath, who died on Aug. 4,

was proved at the Bristol District Registry on Nov. 4 by Mrs. Jane Charity Bythessea, the widow, Rear-Admiral John Bythessea, the brother, and Ernest Wallace Rooke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,598. The testator devises his residence at Bath to his wife for life, and then to his nephew, Augustus Todd, and his cousin, Emily Dyer, or her children, as his wife shall appoint; and the residue of his real estate to his wife for life, then to his said brother, Admiral John Bythessea, for life, then to his said nephew, Augustus Todd, for life, and then to his eldest son. Certain articles of plate are given to the use of his wife for life, and then to go as heirlooms with the settled real estate. His residence in Wilton Crescent, with the furniture and effects, he gives to his wife. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one half to his wife absolutely; and the other half, upon trust, for her for life, then to pay £1000 to his godson, Stewart Bythessea Dyer, and the remainder to his cousin, Emily Dyer.

The will (dated July 21, 1898) of Mr. Carlo Giuliano, of 115, Piccadilly, jeweller, and 181, Maida Vale, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 22 by Mrs. Angelina Giuliano, the widow, and Mr. Charles Harrison, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,528. The testator bequeaths to the Government certain Grenville works of art, consisting of pendants, necklaces, earrings, solitaires, studs, watch-chain, and a head ornament, and enamel work made by himself to the value of £200, to be selected by the head of the South Kensington Museum; and to each of his retail customers who have purchased within twelve months of his decease articles of the aggregate value of £10 and upwards, an article or articles as a souvenir, to be selected by his trustees out of the stock of his business, equal to £10 per cent. of the value of the articles purchased within such period, but no one purchaser is to receive an article or articles exceeding the aggregate value of £50; and these souvenirs are to be sent to his customers at the expense of his estate. He gives some article to be selected from his business of the value of £100 each to his executors; his freehold house at Margate, all his furniture, plate, consumable stores, and household effects not forming part of his business, and £15,000 to his wife; and the goodwill of his business and the residue of his estate to his sons, Carlo Joseph and Arthur Alfonso, in equal shares, but he directs that they are not to use his trade mark of "C. G."

The will and three codicils of Sir William Mackenzie, K.C.B., C.S.I., M.D., of 205, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 29, were proved on Nov. 22 by George Sutherland Mackenzie, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9605.

The will of Mr. Rowley Lascelles, J.P., barrister-at-law, of Pencraig, Cardiganshire, who died on June 18, was proved on Nov. 20 by Arthur Hastings Lascelles and Francis John Henry Lascelles, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £997.

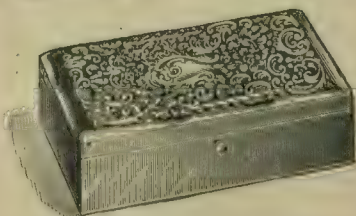
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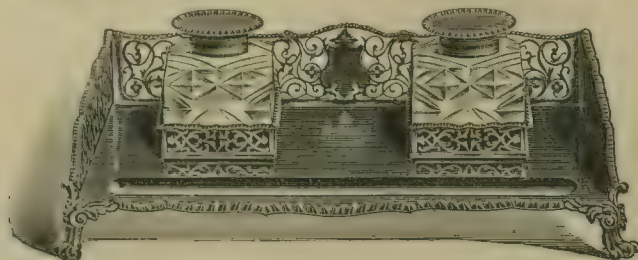
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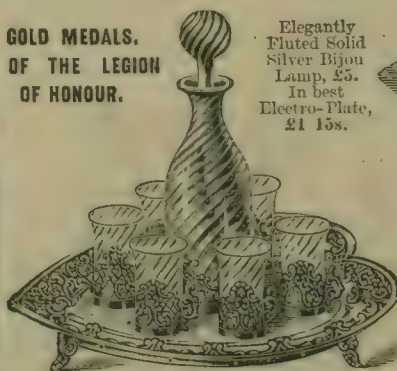


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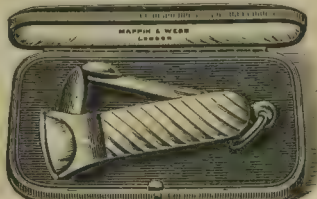
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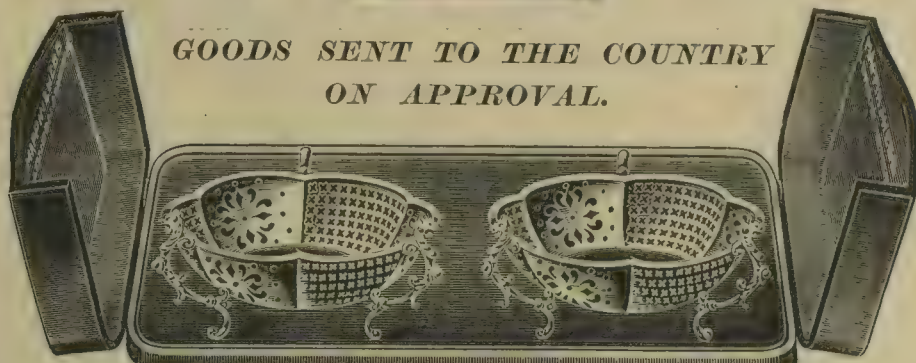
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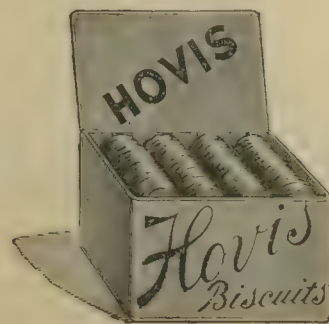
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6d. or 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits on receipt of stamps.



## THE VICTIM OF A CRAZE.

BY THE REV. CANON JESSOPP.

The Lady Paramount of my domestic establishment has one foible—she is given over to gardening; not, be it understood, to the cultivating of vile esculents—cabbages and turnips to wit—but to the decorative branch of gardening yecept floriculture. She has quite a morbid taste for strange varieties of bloom and for eccentric novelties. She is one of a class of human beings who, while professing the Christian faith, are in heart worshippers of a heathen goddess whose name is Flora. Not five minutes ago her Ladyship threw herself back languidly in her chair, and with a sigh she cried, "I wish I had heaps of money! If I had, I would give an unlimited order to Roozen!" Roozen, be it known—but it is known to all the world—Roozen is the specialist whose forte is bulbs; his very name is Roots! Now, as the space at her Ladyship's disposal is strictly limited, it may be easily understood that an unlimited order for hyacinths and daffodils, and tulips and narcissi, and all that large class of flowering creatures which are the joy of early spring-time, would cover the space of ground at our disposal with a dense layer of corms and bulbs and tubers at least six feet high; the hapless things being piled upon one another and feeding upon one another, and illustrating in the strangest way that struggle for existence which would result in the survival of the fittest—perhaps not of the fairest. The Lady Paramount, having but a

very, very, very limited supply of money, has to content herself with much less than an unlimited order. It usually amounts to about seven-and-sixpence to Roozen, and four-and-ninepence (with the odd halfpenny docketed off for discount) to Tubergens and Co. I dare say you think that Tubergens is a fictitious name, and Roozen is invented for the occasion. If you do, that only shows your ignorance!

The Lady Paramount is an energetic woman of an active intellect and with many great gifts, but she has sacrificed her prospects of undying fame in the realms of science, literature, and art to this wild craze of hers for the production of blooms. For myself, I am all for that which a man shall profit withal; but the weaker will has to succumb to the stronger, and I mournfully submit to my fate. Day by day I have to be taken round the garden to look with admiring eyes (if it may be so) at the things that are coming up, and I have to learn their names every morning, and forget them long before the evening. When friends come in I have, as part of my duty, to pace round the walks—for *beds* she will not hear of—till I get quite surprised at my own fluency and audacity, as I invent all sorts of high-sounding titles for some wretched little novelty that has suddenly appeared above ground, and excites the curiosity of strangers and the burning desire to know what it is called. My favourite name for something which I ought to know and don't know is *Parisinia*—it is a word of five syllables, and gives one time to reflect, and it commends itself to the reverent attention of the inquirer as a musical denotation of a specimen which must needs have come from distant lands.

The premises in which I reside are painfully crowded with chattels; the mansion is in the condition of that man's who was approaching his end when he determined to add to his outhouses. The mischief is that my garrets are full only of lumber, and my accumulated possessions are entirely valueless; but so strong is the passion of acquisitiveness in the mind of the Lady Paramount that she will never consent to part with anything. We have almost quarrelled more than once about some dozen or fifteen odd volumes of the *Edinburgh Review* which I long to get rid of, but nothing will induce her to part with them; and a frequent cause of disagreement is a certain miracle of dullness entitled a "Jest Book," which I have given away at least a dozen times during the last twenty years, and which the Lady Paramount has firmly refused to allow to be taken from the house on pain of her never-ending displeasure. But this dreadful propensity to increase her goods (which for the most part are *bads*), when it is allowed to have free course in the garden, is attended by the most surprising consequences. Our garden has absolutely no order that it can boast of. The flowers are so riotous that the weeds have no chance—always excepting the groundsel, which is one of those self-asserting herbs which it is not always convenient to remove, lest something better than itself should be pulled up with it. The things do not even keep the ordinary laws of nature; they leap out of the ground at all times of the year, regardless of seasons. Recently I saw a noble little auricula with five or six trusses in full bloom, as if it would say, "I see my chance of showing myself at last, and I mean to take it. Here I am!" Of course

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From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



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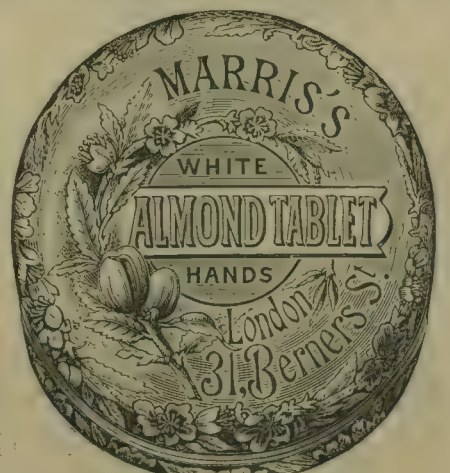
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this pert little insolent had no business to be in bloom in September. There's a wall facing west that is all ablaze with scarlet *tropaeolum* and tangled with clematis and *mina lobata*, and half-a-dozen other trumpery things. I planted a fig against that wall in the days of my innocence, before her Ladyship had grown so perverse; but that fig has almost been beaten out of existence by those small intruders, and has actually hidden himself pusillanimously behind a giant syringa, and is slowly dying under the influence of floral self-assertion. The weak things of the earth have in this case confounded the thing that was mighty, and the fig-tree is a doomed vegetable—it will perish!

But it is when you enter that greenhouse or conservatory, with its annexe (which represents a wind-fall that her Ladyship appropriated ten years ago), it is then that this fatal passion of acquisition displays its most baneful influence. I used to have vines once; of course, they were in a small way, but they were vines, and I sat under them, and the grapes were sweet and luscious. Alas! they had to go. Vines and begonias, say, couldn't agree; then "Perish the vines" was pronounced, and they have gone. But from that day everything that can put forth a flower has been piled upon those shelves, till there is not air for the poor things to breathe, and they suffocate one another. Orchids that drag on a miserable existence—feebly blooming under difficulties once in seven or eight years; creepers by the dozen coaxed to clamber up walls where three would be too many; hot-house plants desperately, I mean despairingly, fighting

for the air and light; poinsettias towering up beyond all reason, and flattening themselves against the roof; geraniums that are positively the last new thing out; *crinum crancums* in diminutive pots that were born in Africa; *dolonia ridicula* that was sent from Japan in a letter; *odontides splendida* that never grows above two inches high till it begins to be deadly poisonous; and a small host of other anomalies which had better remain anonymous lest rivalry should be stirred up in the breast of the envious. There they all are, jostling one another viciously. If they only had a fair chance of dying there would not be much reason to complain, but my grievance is that the Lady Paramount sacrifices me and my interests to these abominable and ungrateful things, which she will not allow me even to speak of as vegetables, because that, she says, is treating them with disrespect.

No! She will not let them die, she will not suffer the mealy bugs and the red spiders to have their way. She lays ingenious traps for the slugs. She pets a couple of tame toads, whose duty it is to walk up and down among the flower-pots, and if now and then a third toad drops in to pay a call on his relations, "the dear thing" is allowed to stay till he is tired. I—I alone am sacrificed, and things are getting worse with me. There was a time when I always had somebody to fetch me books and copy out extracts and make indices, and help me to follow the pursuit of knowledge, and encourage me to write that sublime epic and finish that great treatise which, under present circumstances, I have found it impossible even to begin. I foresee only too plainly that I shall go down to

the grave unhonoured and unrewarded only and solely because the Lady Paramount has forsaken me—not for the flesh-pots, but for the flower-pots, and has become the victim of a monomania at once costly and demoralising. Is there no hope? Is there no cure?

The scheme of a teaching London University was discussed with the Duke of Devonshire on Nov. 28 by a numerous deputation from the Gresham College Commission and from various educational institutions, the existing University of London and the Medical Schools being well represented. It appeared that the Senate of the University is chiefly anxious to maintain the authority and the high standard of its examinations; while the London University College and King's College, London, desire to possess a larger share of influence in the direction of studies for those examinations, considering that too much preponderance has been given to the provincial Colleges; and the Royal Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries make some claims of a similar kind. The question was, practically, whether these points in the constitution of the intended University should be settled by a Statutory Commission, without further consulting the Convocation of the existing University. The Duke of Devonshire made a somewhat guarded reply, but intimated that he thought such a measure would be "a rather strong proceeding," and that it might cause opposition to the Bill in the House of Commons. It was to be regretted that the graduates of the University were not more unanimous on this subject.

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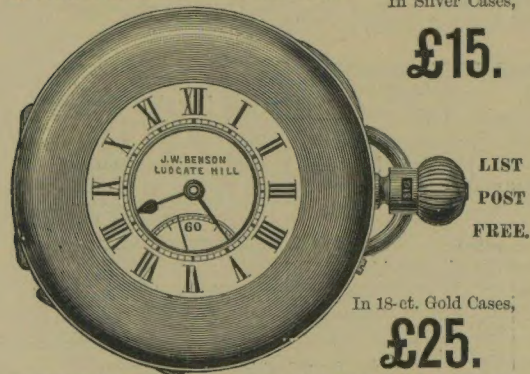
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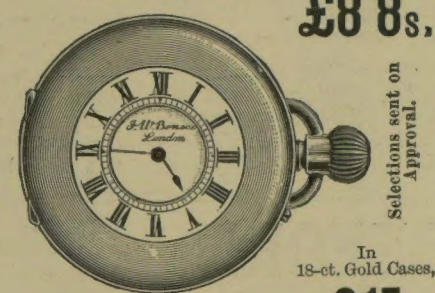
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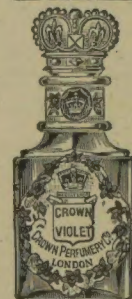
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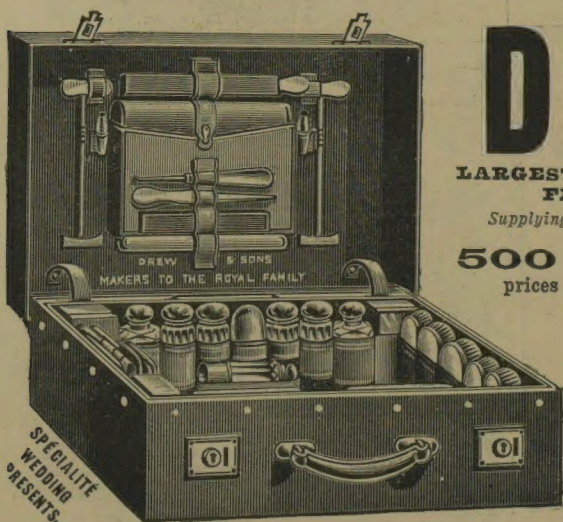
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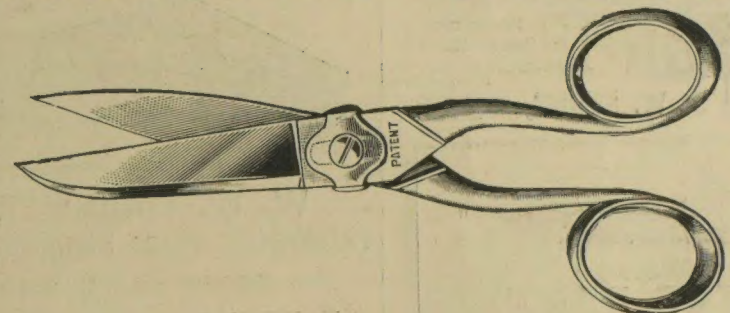
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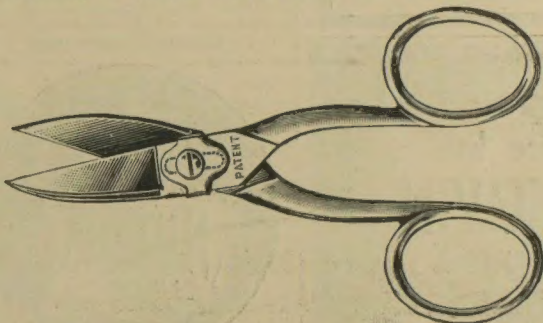


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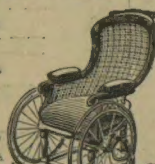
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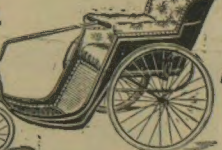
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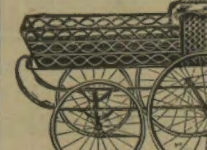


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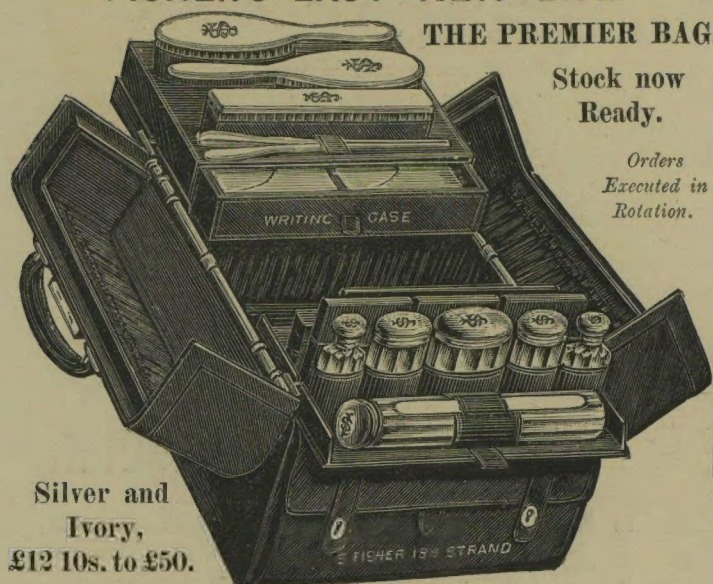
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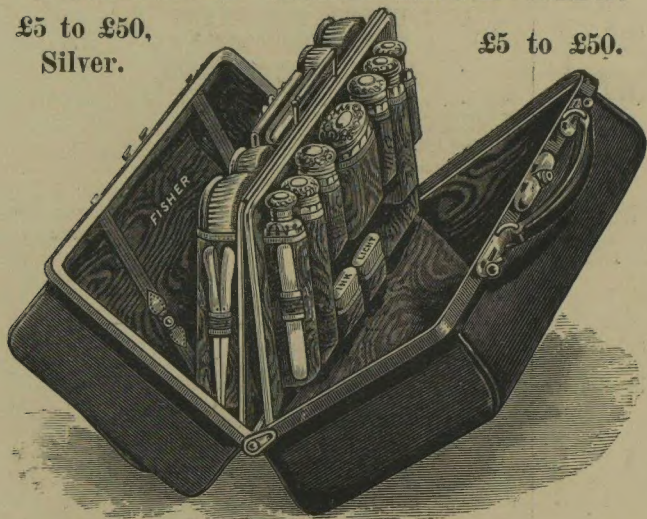
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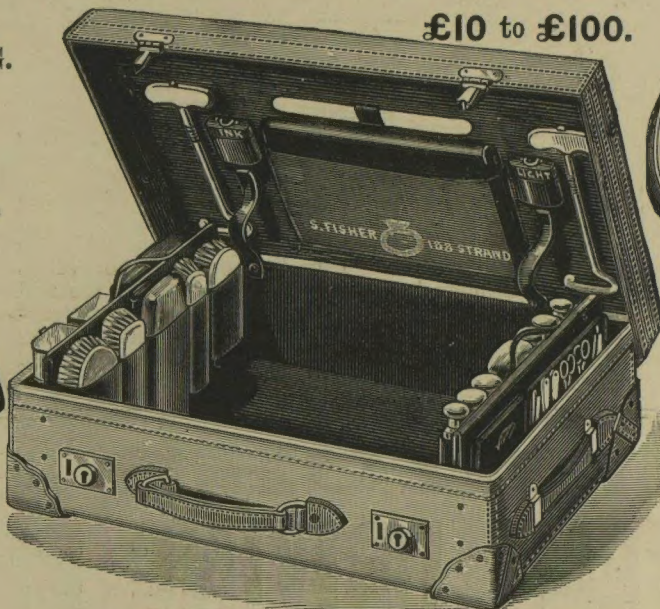
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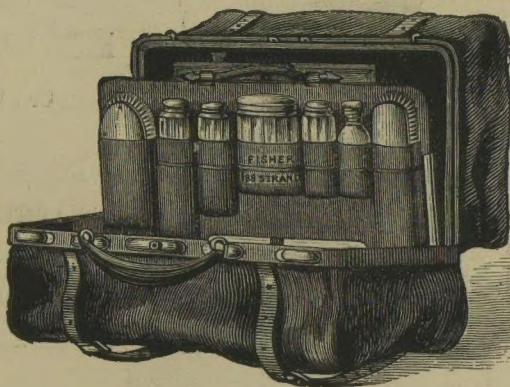


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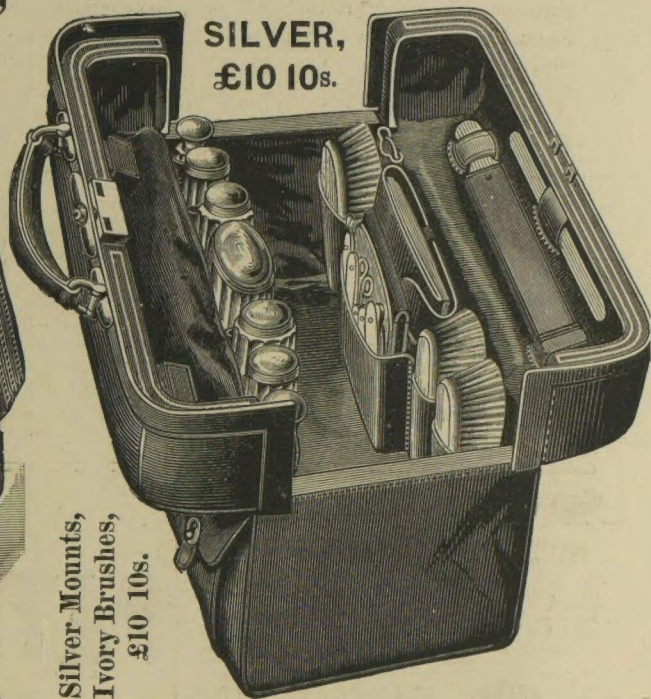


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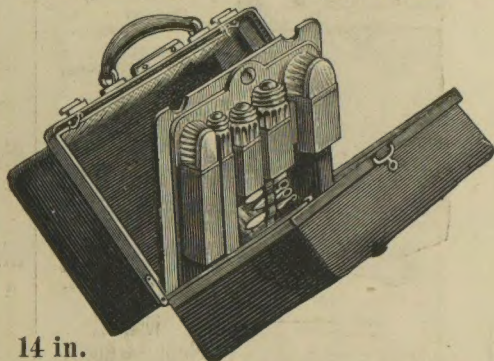
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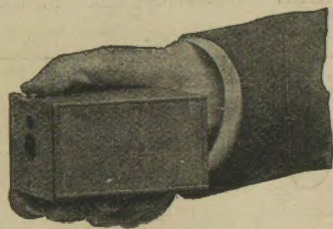
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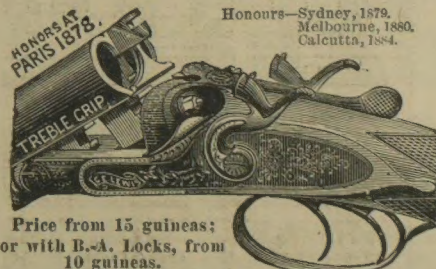
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**THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**  
The report of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, just issued, is, as might be expected, almost wholly devoted to a recognition of the services of the late Director, Sir George Scharf. His loss, however, was not the only one from which the Gallery has suffered during the past eighteen months; Lord Hardinge—for twenty years Chairman of the Trustees—and the Earl of Pembroke have also been removed by death, and Sir Charles Tennant was forced to resign on becoming a Trustee of the National Gallery. Of the debt the public owe to Sir George Scharf in connection with our collection of national portraits we have expressed our feelings on a previous occasion, and we can only hope that the new Director will fulfil the expectations of his friends by turning to good account the splendid inheritance amassed by his predecessor. He will at least have the advantage of a new building in which to make a display—provided by private munificence—and at little or no cost to the public. For ten years the pictures have been “wandering in the wilderness,” and now that the time has come for folding them once more under favourable conditions, it seems from the report of the Trustees that the

policy of niggardly ignorance which has all along marked the dealings of the Treasury is likely to be continued unless the public speak out with no uncertain voice in support of the Trustees. In no other country would it be possible for a great national collection to be rendered almost valueless, as it must be if the Treasury cling to the idea that the administration of the Gallery can be carried on in the future on the old lines, when the pictures were only nominally in charge of the Trustees. The Director (on a reduced salary) has to cumulate the duties of Keeper and Secretary, to superintend the arrangement and purchase of pictures, to report upon the value of bequests and donations, besides keeping the catalogue up to date. The National Portrait Gallery is a public institution which, even under the least favourable conditions, attracted a steadily increasing body of visitors, and it may fairly be supposed that with our ever-widening methods of education, to say nothing of the latest prescriptions of the New Code, a greater use will be made of our national portraits as means of instruction. For this, if not for many other reasons, the Director should be relieved from all such duties as would interfere with his giving his time to explaining, when called

upon by students of all ages and all degrees, the parts played by the men and women whose portraits are ranged in the Galleries. To do this satisfactorily he will have to make himself acquainted with the historical, literary, and artistic associations connected with upwards of a thousand pictures, busts, etc., for at the present time the donations amount to 564 and the purchases to 495 in number—an almost impossible task if he is at the same time harassed with all the details of superintendence.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have published their usual profusion of calendars, children's toy-books, and Christmas cards. One novelty is the “Modern Actor's Calendar for 1896,” which is adorned by portraits of popular artists, beginning with Sir Henry Irving, accompanied by appropriate quotations. A “Modern Author's Calendar” opens with a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. The “Boudoir Calendar” contains a poetical quotation for every day in the year, and ought to have the effect of extending the reading of many people who have no time to dip into volumes. The Christmas cards display a bewildering variety, and the toy books are as quaint as ever.

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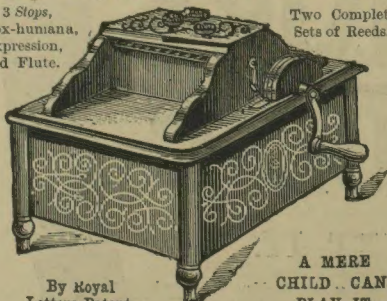
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